

THE  
BEGGAR'S OPERA,

FIRST AND SECOND PARTS.



THE  
RECORDS OF THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK

1811 AND 1812

THE  
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

WRITTEN BY MR. G A Y.

—*Nos haec novimus esse nihil.* MART.

*John Mande*  
1812.

GLASGOW:

Printed by ROBERT URIE, M D CC LVIII.

15459.658



BEGGAR'S OPERA

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

ERNEST LEWIS GAY

JUNE 15, 1927

WITTENBERG A. J.

—The last volume of the series.

CL 450.658

Printed by Robert D. C. Co. Ltd.

9 Mar 08 Foley 1m

# EXTRACT

From MR. POPE's Dunciad.

Page 150, 4to Edit. 1743.

MR. GAY was early in the friendship of our author \*, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables, and lastly, the celebrated BEGGAR'S OPERA; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble. That verse of Horace

*Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,*

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible. What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it. Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many

\* Mr. Pope.



places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty, etc. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together. It was lastly acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town. Her pictures were engraved and sold in great numbers, her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

FURTHERMORE, it drove out of England for that season the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and the people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos haec novimus esse nihil.*



# Dramatis Personæ,

## M E N.

Mr. Peachum.	Mr. Macklin.
Lockit.	Mr. Turbut.
Macheath.	Mr. Beard, or
Filch.	Mr. Lowe.
Jemmy Twicher.	Mr. Rastor.
Crook-finger'd Jack.	Mr. Leigh.
Wat Dreary.	Mr. Wright.
Robin of Bagshot.	Mr. Green.
Nimming Ned.	Mr. Woodburn.
Harry Paddington.	Mr. Bride.
Mat of the Mint.	Mr. Gray.
Ben Budge.	Mr. Ray.
Beggar.	Mr. Ridout.
Player.	Mr. Winstone.
	Mr. Woodburn.

Macheath's Gang.

Constables, Drawer, Turnkey, etc.

## W O M E N.

Mrs. Peachum.	Mrs. Macklin.
Polly Peachum.	Mrs. Clive.
Lucy Lockit.	Mrs. Roberts.
Diana Trapes.	Mrs. Macklin.
Mrs. Coaxer.	Miss Horsington.
Dolly Trull.	Miss Brunett.
Mrs. Vixen.	Mrs. Walter.
Betty Doxy.	Miss Thomson.
Jenny Diver.	Mrs. Jackson.
Mrs. Slammekin.	Miss Bennett.
Suky Fawdry.	Miss Woodman.
Molly Brazen.	Miss Story.

Women of the town.

INTRODUCTION.

BEGGAR, PLAYER.

BEGGAR.

**I**F poverty be a title to poetry, I am sure no-body can dispute mine. I own myself of the company of beggars; and I make one at their weekly festivals at St. Giles's. I have a small yearly salary for my catches, and am welcome to a dinner there, whenever I please, which is more than most poets can say.

PLAYER.

As we live by the muses, it is but gratitude in us to encourage poetical merit where-ever we find it. The muses, contrary to all other ladies, pay no distinction to dress, and never partially mistake the pertness of embroidery for wit, nor the modesty of want for dullness. Be the author who he will, we push his play as far as it will go. So, though you are in want, I wish you success heartily.

BEGGAR.

This piece I own was originally writ for the celebrating the marriage of James Chanter and Molly Lay, two most excellent ballad-singers. I have introduced the similes that are in your celebrated Operas: the Swallow, the Bee, the Ship, the Flower, *etc.* Besides I have a prison-scene which the ladies reckon charmingly pathetic. As to the parts, I have observed such a nice impartiality to our two ladies, that it is impossible for either of them to take offence. I hope I may be forgiven, that I have not made my Opera throughout unnatural, like those in vogue; for I have no recitative:



# INTRODUCTION.

excepting this, as I have consented to have neither prologue nor epilogue, it must be allowed an Opera in all its forms. The piece indeed hath been heretofore frequently presented by ourselves in our great room at St. Giles's, so that I cannot too often acknowledge your charity in bringing it now on the stage.

PLAYER.

But I see it is time for us to withdraw; the actors are preparing to begin. Play away the overture. (Ex.)

which is more than most can say.  
 and am welcome to a dinner there whenever I wish.  
 Clara - I have a small yearly salary for my services,  
 but not much; and I must not be their weight for what I do.  
 I suppose none. I am a selfish of the company of  
 If poverty be a sin to mortals, I am late no body can

[illegible][illegible]

# BEGGAR'S OPERA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Peachum's House.

Peachum sitting at a table with a large book of  
accounts before him.

AIR I. An old woman clothed in Grey, etc.

**THROUGH** all the employments of life,

Each neighbour abuses his brother's  
Whore and rogue they call husband and wife,

All professions be-rogue one another:

The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,

The lawyer be-knaves the divine;

And the statesman, because he's so great,

Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

A lawyer is an honest employment, so is mine. Like  
me too he acts in a double capacity, both against rogues  
and for them; for it is but fitting that we should protect  
and encourage cheats, since we live by them.

## SCENE II.

PEACHUM, FILCH.

FILCH.

Sir, black *Moll* hath sent word her trial comes on in the afternoon, and she hopes you will order matters so as to bring her off.

PEACHUM.

Why, she may plead her belly at worst; to my knowlege she hath taken care of that security. But as the wench is very active and industrious, you may satisfy her that I'll soften the evidence.

FILCH.

*Tom Gagg*, Sir, is found guilty.

PEACHUM.

A lazy dog! When I took him the time before, I told him what he would come to, if he did not mend his hand. This is death without reprieve. I may venture to book him. (*writes.*) For *Tom Gagg*, forty pounds. Let *Betty Sly* know that I'll save her from transportation, for I can get more by her staying in England.

FILCH.

*Betty* has brought more goods into our lock to-year, than any five of the gang; and in truth 'tis a pity to lose so good a customer.

PEACHUM.

If none of the gang take her off, she may, in the common course of business, live a twelve-month longer. I love to let women 'scape. A good sportsman always lets the hen-partridges fly, because the breed of the game depends upon them. Besides, here the law allows us no reward; there is nothing to be got by the death of women——except our wives.

FILCH.

Without dispute, she is a fine woman! 'twas to her

I was obliged for my education, and (to say a bold word) she had trained up more young fellows to the business than the gaming-table.

PEACHUM.

Truly, *Filch*, thy observation is right. We and the surgeons are more beholden to women than all the professions besides.

AIR II. The bony grey-eyed Morn, &c.

FILCH.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind,  
By her we first were taught the wheedling arts;  
Her very eyes can cheat, when most she's kind;  
She tricks us of our money with our hearts:  
For her, like wolves by night we roam for prey,  
And practise every fraud to bribe her charms;  
For suits of love, like law, are won by pay,  
And beauty must be fed into our arms.

PEACHUM.

But make haste to Newgate, boy, and let my friends know what I intend; for I love to make them easy one way or other.

FILCH.

When a gentleman is long kept in suspense, penitence may break his spirit ever after. Besides, certainty gives a man a good air upon his trial, and makes him risk another without fear or scruple. But I'll away, for it is a pleasure to be the messenger of comfort to friends in affliction.

### SCENE III.

PEACHUM.

But 'tis now high time to look about me for a decent execution against next sessions. I hate a lazy rogue, by whom one can get nothing till he is hanged. A register of the gang, (*reading.*) Crook-fingered



*Jack.* A year and a half in the service; let me see how much the stock owes to his industry; one, two, three, four, five gold watches, and seven silver ones. A mighty clean-handed fellow! sixteen snuff-boxes, five of them of true gold. Six dozen of handkerchiefs, four silver-hilted swords, half a dozen of shirts, three tye-perriwigs, and a piece of broadcloth. Considering these are only the fruits of his leisure hours, I don't know a prettier fellow, for no man alive hath a more engaging presence of mind upon the road. *Wat Dreary*, alias *Brown Will*, an irregular dog, who hath an underhand way of disposing of his goods. I'll try him only for a session or two longer upon his good-behaviour. *Harry Padington*, a poor petty-larceny rascal, without the least genius; that fellow, though he were to live these six months, will never come to the gallows with any credit. *Slippery Sam*: he goes off the next session, for the villain hath the impudence to have views of following his trade as a taylor, which he calls an honest employment. *Mar of the Mint*; lifted not above a month ago, a promising sturdy fellow, and diligent in his way, somewhat too bold and hasty, and may raise good contributions on the public, if he does not cut himself short by murder. *Tom Tiddle*, a guzzling soaking sot, who is always too drunk to stand himself, or to make others stand. A cart is absolutely necessary for him. *Robin of Bagshot*, alias *Gorgon*, alias *Bluff Bob*, alias *Garbuncle*, alias *Bob Booty*.

## SCENE IV.

PEACHUM, MRS. PEACHUM.

MRS. PEACHUM.

What of *Bob Booty*, husband? I hope nothing bad hath betided him? You know, my dear, he's a favourite customer of mine. 'Twas he made me a present of this ring.

PEACHUM.

I have set his name down in the black list, that's all, my dear: he spends his life among women, and as soon as his money is gone, one or other of the ladies will hang him for the reward, and there's forty pound lost to us for ever.

MRS. PEACHUM.

You know, my dear, I never meddle in matters of death; I always leave those affairs to you. Women indeed are bitter bad judges in these cases; for they are so partial to the brave that they think every man handsome who is going to the camp or the gallows.

AIR III. Cold and Raw, &amp;c.

*If any wench Venus's girdle do wear,  
Though she be never so ugly;  
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,  
And her face look wond'rous smugly.  
Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord,  
(A rope so charming a zone is!)  
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,  
And we cry, There dies an Adonis!*

But really, husband, you should not be too hard-hearted, for you never had a finer, braver set of men than at present. We have not had a murder among them all these seven months. And truly, my dear, that is a great blessing.

PEACHUM.

What a dickens is the woman always a whimpering about murder for? No gentleman is ever looked upon the worse for killing a man in his own defence: and if business cannot be carried on without it, what would you have a gentleman do?

MRS. PEACHUM.

If I am in the wrong, my dear, you must excuse

me, for no-body can help the frailty of an over-scrupulous conscience.

PEACHUM.

Murder is as fashionable a crime as a man can be guilty of. How many fine gentlemen have we in *Newgate* every year, purely upon that article! if they have wherewithal to persuade the jury to bring it in manslaughter, what are they the worse for it? So, my dear, have done upon this subject. Was captain *Macheath* here, this morning, for the bank-notes he left with you last week?

MRS. PEACHUM.

Yes, my dear, and, though the bank hath stopt payment, he was so chearful and so agreeable! sure there is not a finer gentleman upon the road than the captain! if he comes from *Bagshot* at any reasonable hour, he hath promised to make one this evening with *Polly* and me, and *Bob Booty*, at a party of quadrille. Pray, my dear, is the captain rich?

PEACHUM.

The captain keeps too good company ever to grow rich. *Mary-bone* and the chocolate-houses are his undoing. The man that proposes to get money by play should have the education of a fine gentleman, and be trained up to it from his youth.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Really, I am sorry upon *Polly's* account the captain hath no more discretion. What business hath he to keep company with lords and gentlemen? He should leave them to prey upon one another.

PEACHUM.

Upon *Polly's* account! What a plague, does the woman mean—Upon *Polly's* account!

MRS. PEACHUM.

Captain *Macheath* is very fond of the girl.

PEACHUM.

And what then?

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

17

MRS. PEACHUM.

If I have any skill in the ways of women, I am sure *Polly* thinks him a very pretty man.

PEACHUM.

And what then? You would not be so mad to have the wench marry him! gamesters and highwaymen are generally very good to their whores, but they are very devils to their wives.

MRS. PEACHUM.

But if *Polly* should be in love, how should we help her, or how can she help herself? Poor girl, I am in the utmost concern about her.

AIR IV. Why is your faithful slave disdain'd? *etc.*

*If love the virgin's heart invade,  
How, like a moth, the simple maid  
Still plays about the flame!  
If soon she be not made a wife,  
Her honour's sing'd, and then for life  
She's——what I dare not name.*

PEACHUM.

Look ye, wife. A handsome wench in our way of business is as profitable as at the bar of a *Temple* coffee-house, who looks upon it as her livelihood to grant every liberty but one. You see I would indulge the girl as far as prudently we can, in any thing, but marriage! after that, my dear, how shall we be safe? Are we not then in her husband's power: for a husband hath the absolute power over all a wife's secrets but her own. If the girl had the discretion of a court lady, who can have a dozen young fellows at her ear without complying with one, I should not matter it; but *Polly* is tinder, and a spark will at once set her on a flame. Married! if the wench does not know her own profit, sure she knows her own pleasure better than to make herself a property! my daughter to me should be



like a court lady to a minister of state, a key to the whole gang. Married! if the affair is not already done, I'll terrify her from it, by the example of our neighbours.

MRS. PEACHUM.

May-hap, my dear, you may injure the girl. She loves to imitate the fine ladies, and she may only allow the captain liberties in the view of interest.

PEACHUM.

But 'tis your duty, my dear, to warn the girl against her ruin, and to instruct her how to make the most of her beauty. I'll go to her this moment, and fitt her. In the mean time, wife, rip out the coronets and marks of these dozen of cambric handkerchiefs, for I can dispose of them this afternoon to a chap in the city.

## SCENE V.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Never was a man more out of the way in an argument than my husband! why must our *Polly*, forsooth differ from her sex, and love only her husband? And why must *Polly's* marriage, contrary to all observation, make her the less followed by other men? all men are thieves in love, and like a woman the better for being another's property.

AIR V. Of all the simple things we do, &c.

*A maid is like the golden oar,  
Which hath guineas intrinsical in't,  
Whose worth is never known before  
It is try'd and impress'd in the mint.  
A wife's like a guinea in gold,  
Stamp'd with the name of her spouse;  
Now here, now there; is bought, or is sold;  
And is current in every house.*

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 19

SCENE VI.

MRS. PEACHUM, FILCH.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Come hither, *Filch*. I am as fond of this child, as though my mind misgives me he were my own. He hath as fine a hand at picking a pocket as a woman, and is as nimble-fingered as a juggler. If an unlucky fession does not cut the rope of thy life, I pronounce, boy, thou wilt be a great man in history. Where was your post last night, my boy?

FILCH.

I plyed at the opera, madam; and considering 'twas neither dark nor rainy, so that there was no great hurry in getting chairs and coaches, made a tolerable hand on't. These seven handkerchiefs, madam.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Coloured ones, I see. They are of sure sale from our ware-house at *Redriff* among the seamen.

FILCH.

And this snuff-box.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Set in gold! A pretty encouragement this to a young beginner.

FILCH.

I had a rare tug at a charming gold watch. Pox take the taylors for making the fobs so deep and narrow! It stuck by the way, and I was forced to make my escape under a coach. Really, madam, I fear I shall be cut off in the flower of my youth, so that every now and then (since I was pumpt) I have thoughts of taking up and going to sea.

MRS. PEACHUM.

You should go to *Hockley in the Hole*, and to *Marybone*, child, to learn valour. These are the schools that have bred so many brave men. I thought, boy,

by this time, thou hadst lost fear as well as shame. Poor lad! how little does he know as yet of the *Old Baily*! for the first fact I'll insure thee from being hanged; and going to sea, *Filch*, will come time enough upon a sentence of transportation. But now, since you have nothing better to do, ev'n go to your book, and learn your catechism; for really a man makes but an ill figure in the ordinary's paper, who cannot give a satisfactory answer to his questions. But, hark you, my lad, don't tell me a lye: for you know I hate a liar. Do you know of any thing that hath pass between captain *Macheath* and our *Polly*.

FILCH.

I beg you, madam, don't ask me; for I must either tell a lye to you or to miss *Polly*, for I promised her I would not tell.

MRS. PEACHUM.

But when the honour of our family is concerned——

FILCH.

I shall lead a sad life with miss *Polly*, if ever she come to know that I told you. Besides, I would not willingly forfeit my own honour by betraying any body.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Yonder comes my husband and *Polly*. Come, *Filch*, you shall go with me into my own room, and tell me the whole story. I'll give thee a most delicious glass of cordial that I keep for my own drinking.

## SCENE VII.

PEACHUM, POLLY.

POLLY.

I know as well as any of the fine ladies how to make the most of myself and of my man too. A woman knows how to be mercenary, though she hath never been in a court or at an assembly. We have it in our

## THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 21

natures, *papa*. If I allow captain *Macbeath* some trifling liberties, I have this watch and other visible marks of his favour to shew for it. A girl who cannot grant some things, and refuse what is most material, will make but a poor hand of her beauty, and soon be thrown upon the common.

AIR VI. What shall I do to show how much I  
love her, *etc.*

*Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre,  
Which in the garden enamels the ground;  
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,  
And gaudy butterflies frolic around,  
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,  
To Covent-garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet,)  
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.*

### PEACHUM.

You know, *Polly*, I am not against your toying and trifling with a customer in the way of business, or to get out a secret, or so. But if I find out that you have played the fool and are married, you jade you, I'll cut your throat, hussy. Now you know my mind.

## SCENE VIII.

PEACHUM, POLLY, MRS. PEACHUM.

AIR VII. Oh London is a fine Town.

MRS. PEACHUM in a very great passion.

*Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her.  
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter!  
For she must have both hoods and gowns, and hoops to swell  
her pride,  
With scarfs and stays, and gloves and lace; and she will  
have men beside;*



*And when she's dress'd with care and cost, all tempting fine  
and gay,*

*As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.*

*Our Polly is a sad slut, etc.*

You baggage! you hussy! you inconsiderate jade! had you been hang'd, it would not have vexed me, for that might have been your misfortune; but to do such a mad thing by choice! the wench is married, husband.

PEACHUM.

Married! the captain is a bold man, and will risk any thing for money: to be sure he believes her a fortune. Do you think your mother and I should have liv'd comfortably so long together, if ever we had been married, baggage?

MRS. PEACHUM.

I knew she was always a proud slut; and now the wench has play'd the fool and married, because forsooth she would do like the gentry. Can you support the expence of a husband, hussy, in gaming, drinking, and whoring? have you money enough to carry on the daily quarrels of man and wife about who shall squander most? There are not many husbands and wives, who can bear the charges of plaguing one another in a handsome way. If you must be married, could you introduce no-body into our family but a highwayman? why, thou foolish jade, thou wilt be as ill used, and as much neglected, as if thou hadst married a lord!

PEACHUM.

Let not your anger, my dear, break through the rules of decency, for the captain looks upon himself in the military capacity, as a gentleman by his profession. Besides what he hath already, I know he is in a fair way of getting, or of dying; and both these ways, let me tell you, are most excellent chances for a wife. Tell me, hussy, are you ruined or no?

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

23

MRS. PEACHUM.

With *Polly's* fortune she might very well have gone off to a person of distinction. Yes that you might, you pouting slut!

PEACHUM.

What, is the wench dumb? Speak, or I'll make you plead by squeezing out an answer from you. Are you really bound wife to him, or are you only upon liking? *[Pinches her.]*

POLLY.

Oh!

*[Screaming.]*

MRS. PEACHUM.

How the mother is to be pitied who hath handsome daughters! locks, bolts, bars, and lectures of morality are nothing to them: they break through them all. They have as much pleasure in cheating a father and mother, as in cheating at cards.

PEACHUM.

Why, *Polly*, I shall soon know if you are married, by *Macheath's* keeping from our house.

AIR VIII. Grim king of the Ghosts, &c.

POLLY.

*Can love be controul'd by advice?*

*Will Cupid our mothers obey?*

*Though my heart were as frozen as ice,*

*At his flame 'twould have melted away.*

*When he kist me, so closely he prest,*

*'Twas so sweet that I must have comply'd:*

*So I thought it both safest and best*

*To marry for fear you should chide.*

MRS. PEACHUM.

Then all the hopes of our family are gone for ever and ever.

24 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

PEACHUM.

And *Macheath* may hang his father and mother-in-law, in hope to get in to their daughter's fortune.

POLLY.

I did not marry him (as 'tis the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honour or money. But, I love him.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Love him! worse and worse! I thought the girl had been better bred. O husband; husband! her folly makes me mad! my head swims, I'm distracted? I can't support myself—Oh!

[Faints.

PEACHUM.

See, wench, to what a condition you have reduced your poor mother! a glass of cordial, this instant. How the poor woman takes it to heart!

[*Polly goes out, and returns with it.*

Ah hussy, now this is the only comfort your mother has left!

POLLY.

Give her another glass, Sir; my mama drinks double the quantity whenever she is out of order. This, you see, fetches her.

MRS. PEACHUM.

The girl shews such a readiness, and so much concern, that I could almost find in my heart to forgive her.

AIR IX. O *Jenny*, O *Jenny*, where hast thou been.

O *Polly*, you might have toy'd and kiss'd,

By keeping men off, you keep them on.

POLLY.

But he so teas'd me.

And he so pleas'd me,

What I did, you must have done.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Not with a highwayman—You sorry slut!

## THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 25

PEACHUM.

A word with you, wife. 'Tis no new thing for a wench to take man without consent of parents. You know 'tis the frailty of woman, my dear.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Yes, indeed, the sex is frail. But the first time a woman is frail, she should be somewhat nice methinks, for then or never is the time to make her fortune. After that, she hath nothing to do but to guard herself from being found out, and she may do what she pleases.

PEACHUM.

Make yourself a little easy: I have a thought shall soon set all matters again to rights. Why so melancholy, *Polly*? since what is done cannot be undone, we must all endeavour to make the best of it.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Well, *Polly*, as far as one woman can forgive another, I forgive thee—Your father is too fond of you, hussy.

POLLY.

Then all my sorrows are at an end.

MRS. PEACHUM.

A mighty likely speech in troth, for a wench who is just married.

AIR X. *Thomas*, I cannot, etc.

POLLY.

*I, like a ship in storms, was tost;*

*Tet afraid to put into land;*

*For seized in the port the vessel's lost,*

*Whose treasure is counterband.*

*The waves are laid,*

*My duty's paid,*

*O joy beyond expression!*

*Thus, safe a-shore,*

*I ask no more,*

*My all is in my possession.*

C.



PEACHUM.

I hear customers in t'other room; go talk with 'em, *Polly*; but come to us again, as soon as they are gone.—But, hark ye, child, if 'tis the gentleman who was here yesterday about the repeating-watch, say, you believe we can't get intelligence of it, till to-morrow. For I lent it to *Suky Straddle*, to make a figure with it to-night at a tavern in *Drury-lane*. If t'other gentleman calls for the silver-hilted sword, you know *beetle-brow'd Jemmy* hath it on, and he doth not come from *Tunbridge* till Tuesday night; so that it cannot be had till then.

## SCENE IX.

PEACHUM, MRS. PEACHUM.

PEACHUM.

Dear wife, be a little pacified. Don't let your passion run away with your senses. *Polly*, I grant you, hath done a rash thing.

MRS. PEACHUM.

If she had had only an intrigue with the fellow, why the very best families have excused and huddled up a frailty of that sort. 'Tis marriage, husband, that makes it a blemish.

PEACHUM.

But money, wife, is the true fuller's earth for reputations, there is not a spot or a stain but what it can take out. A rich rogue now-a-days is fit company for any gentleman; and the world, my dear, hath not such a contempt for roguery as you imagine. I tell you, wife, I can make this match turn to our advantage.

MRS. PEACHUM.

I am very sensible, husband, that captain *Macheath* is worth money, but I am in doubt whether he hath not two or three wives already, and then if he should

## THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 27

die in a session or two, *Polly's* dower would come into dispute.

PEACHUM,

That indeed is a point which ought to be considered.

### AIR XI. A Soldier and a Sailor.

*A fox may steal your hens, Sir,  
A whore your health and pence, Sir,  
Your daughter rob your chest, Sir,  
Your wife may steal your rest, Sir,  
A thief your goods and plate.*

*But this is all but picking,  
With rest, pence, chest, and chicken;  
It ever was decreed, Sir,  
If lawyer's hand is see'd, Sir,  
He steals your whole estate.*

The lawyers are bitter enemies to those in our way. They don't care that any body should get a clandestine livelihood but themselves.

## SCENE X.

MRS. PEACHUM, PEACHUM, POLLY.

POLLY.

\*Twas only *Nimming Ned*. He brought in a damask window-curtain, a hoop-petticoat, a pair of silver candlesticks, a periwig, and one silk stocking, from the fire that happened last night.

PEACHUM.

There is not a fellow that is cleverer in his way, and saves more goods out of the fire than *Ned*. But now, *Polly*, to your affairs; for matters must not be left as they are. You are married then, it seems?

POLLY.

Yes, Sir.

PEACHUM.

And how do you propose to live, child?

POLLY.

Like other women, Sir, upon the industry of my husband.

MRS. PEACHUM.

What, is the wench turn'd fool? A highwayman's wife, like a soldier's, hath as little of his pay, as of his company.

PEACHUM.

And had not you the common views of a gentleman in your marriage, *Polly*?

POLLY.

I don't know what you mean, Sir.

PEACHUM.

Of a jointure; and of being a widow.

POLLY.

But I love him, Sir: How then could I have thoughts of parting with him?

PEACHUM.

Parting with him! Why, that is the whole scheme and intention of all marriage articles. The comfortable estate of widow-hood, is the only hope that keeps up a wife's spirits. Where is the woman who would scruple to be a wife, if she had it in her power to be a widow whenever she pleased? If you have any views of this sort, *Polly*, I shall think the match not so very unreasonable.

POLLY.

How I dread to hear your advice! yet I must beg you to explain yourself.

PEACHUM.

Secure what he hath got, have him peached the next sessions, and then at once you are made a rich widow.

POLLY.

What, murder the man I love! the blood runs cold at my heart with the very thought of it.

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 29

PEACHUM.

Fie, Polly! What hath murder to do in the affair! Since the thing sooner or later must happen, I dare say, the captain himself would like that we should get the reward for his death sooner than a stranger. Why, Polly, the captain knows, that as 'tis his employment to rob, so 'tis ours to take robbers; every man in his business. So that there is no malice in the case.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Ay, husband, now you have nicked the matter. To have him peach'd is the only thing could ever make me forgive her.

AIR XII. Now ponder well, ye parents dear.

POLLY.

*Oh, ponder well! be not severe;  
So save a wretched wife!  
For on the rope that hangs my dear,  
Depends poor Polly's life.*

MRS. PEACHUM.

But your duty to your parents, hussy, obliges you to hang him. What would many a wife give for such an opportunity!

POLLY.

What is a jointure, what is widow-hood to me? I know my heart. I cannot survive him.

AIR XIII. Le printemps rapelle aux armes.

*The turtle thus with plaintive crying,  
Her lover dying,  
The turtle thus, with plaintive crying,  
Laments her dove.  
Down she drops quite spent with sighing,  
Pair'd in death, as pair'd in love.*

Thus, Sir, it will happen to your poor Polly.



MRS. PEACHUM.

What, is the fool in love in earnest then? I hate thee for being particular: Why, wench, thou art a shame to thy very sex.

POLLY.

But hear me, mother—If you ever lov'd—

MRS. PEACHUM.

Those cursed play-books she reads have been her ruin. One word more, hussy, and I shall knock your brains out, if you have any.

PEACHUM.

Keep out of the way, *Polly*, for fear of mischief, and consider of what is proposed to you.

MRS. PEACHUM.

Away, hussy, hang your husband, and be dutiful.

## SCENE XI.

MRS. PEACHUM, PEACHUM.

(Polly listening.)

MRS. PEACHUM.

The thing, husband, must and shall be done. For the sake of intelligence we must take other measures, and have him peached the next session without her consent. If she will not know her duty, we know ours.

PEACHUM.

But really, my dear, it grieves one's heart to take off a great man. When I consider his personal bravery, his fine stratagem, how much we have already got by him, and how much more we may get, methinks I can't find in my heart to have a hand in his death. I wish you could have made *Polly* undertake it.

MRS. PEACHUM.

But in a case of necessity——our own lives are in danger.

PEACHUM.

Then, indeed, we must comply with the customs

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 31

of the world, and make gratitude give way to interest  
—He shall be taken off.

MRS. PEACHUM.

I'll undertake to manage *Polly*.

PEACHUM.

And I'll prepare matters for the *Old-Baily*.

## SCENE XII.

POLLY.

Now, I'm a wretch, indeed—Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nose-gay in his hand!—I hear the croud extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—What vollies of sighs are sent from the windows of *Holborn*, that so comely a youth should be brought to disgrace!—I see him at the tree! The whole circle are in tears!—even butchers weep!—*Jack Ketch* himself hesitates to perform his duty, and would be glad to lose his fee, by a reprieve. What then will become of *Polly*?—As yet I may inform him of their design, and aid him in his escape—It shall be so—But then he flies, absents himself, and I bar myself from his dear dear conversation! that too will distract me—If he keep out of the way, my papa and mama may in time relent, and we may be happy.—If he stays, he is hanged, and then he is lost for ever!—He intended to lye concealed in my room, 'till the dusk of the evening: if they are abroad, I'll this instant let him out, lest some accident should prevent him. (Exit, and returns.)

## SCENE XIII.

POLLY, MACHEATH.

AIR XIV. Pretty Parrot, say —

MACHEATH.

*Pretty Polly, say,  
When I was away,  
Did your fancy never stray  
To some newer lover?*

POLLY.

*Without disguise,  
Heaving sighs,  
Doting eyes,  
My constant heart discove  
Fondly let me loll!*

MACHEATH.

O pretty, pretty Poll!

POLLY.

And are you as fond as ever, my dear?

MACHEATH.

Suspect my honour, my courage, suspect any thing  
but my love——May my pistols miss fire, and my  
spear slip her shoulder while I am pursued, if I ever  
forsake thee!

POLLY.

Nay, my dear, I have no reason to doubt you, for  
I find in the romance you lent me, none of the great  
heroes were ever false in love.

AIR XV. Pray, fair one, be kind——

MACHEATH.

*My heart was so free,  
It roo'd like the bee,  
'Tis Polly my passion requited;*

*I spt each flower,  
I chang'd ev'ry hour,  
But here ev'ry flower is united.*

POLLY.

Were you sentenc'd to transportation, sure, my dear, you could not leave me behind you—could you?

MACHEATH.

Is there any power, any force, that could tear me from thee? you might sooner tear a pension out of the hands of a courtier, a fee from a lawyer, a pretty woman from a looking-glass, or any woman from *quadrille*—But to tear me from thee is impossible!

AIR XVI. Over the Hills and far away.

*Were I laid on Greenland's coast,  
And in my arms embrac'd my last;  
Warm amidst eternal frost,  
Too soon the half year's nights would pass.*

POLLY.

*Were I sold on Indian soil,  
Soon as the burning day was clos'd,  
I could mock the sultry toil,  
When on my charmer's breast repos'd.*

MACHEATH.

*And I would love you all the day.*

POLLY.

*Every night would kiss and play,*

MACHEATH.

*If with me you'd fondly stray*

POLLY.

*Over the hills and far away.*

POLLY.

Yes, I would go with thee. But oh!—how shall I speak it? I must be torn from thee. We must part.



MACHEATH.

How! part!

POLLY.

We must, we must.—My papa and mama are set  
against thy life. They now, ev'n now, are in search  
after thee. They are preparing evidence against thee.  
Thy life depends upon a moment.

AIR XVII. *Gin thou wert my awn thing—**O what pain it is to part!**Can I leave thee, can I leave thee?**O what pain it is to part!**Can thy Polly ever leave thee?**But lest death my love should thwart,**And bring thee to the fatal cart,**Thus I tear thee from my bleeding heart!**Fly hence, and let me leave thee.*

One kiss, and then—one kiss—begone—farewel.

MACHEATH.

My hand, my heart, my dear, is so rivetted to thine,  
that I cannot unloose my hold.

POLLY.

But my papa may intercept thee, and then I should  
lose the very glimmering of hope. A few weeks, per-  
haps, may reconcile us all. Shall thy Polly hear from  
thee?

MACHEATH.

Must I then go?

POLLY.

—And will not absence change your love?

MACHEATH.

If you doubt it, let me stay—and be hang'd.

POLLY.

O how I fear! how I tremble!—Go—but when  
safety will give you leave, you will be sure to see me  
again; for till then Polly is wretched.

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

25

## AIR XVIII. O the Broom, &c.

MACHEATH.

*The miser thus a shilling sees,* [Parting, and looking at each other  
*Which he's oblig'd to pay,* with fondness; he  
*With sighs resigns it by degrees,* at one door, she at  
*And fears 'tis gone for aye.* the other.

POLLY.

*The boy, thus, when his sparrow's flown,*  
*The bird in silence eyes;*  
*But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,*  
*Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Tavern near Newgate.*

JEMMY TWITCHER, *Crook-finger'd JACK*, WAT DREARY, ROBIN *of* BAGSHOT, NIMMING NED, HARRY PADINGTON, MATT *of* the MINT, BEN BUDGE, *and the rest of the gang, at the table, with wine, brandy and tobacco.*

BEN BUDGE.

**B**UT pr'ythee, *Matt*, what is become of thy brother *Tom*? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

MATT *of* the MINT.

Poor brother *Tom* had an accident this time twelve-month, and so clever a made fellow he was, that I could not save him from those fleaing rascals the surgeons; and now, poor man, he is among the otamys at *Surgeon's-Hall*.

BEN BUDGE.

So it seems, his time was come.

JEMMY TWITCHER.

But the present time is ours, and no-body alive hath more. Why are the laws levell'd at us? are we more dishonest than the rest of mankind? what we win, gentlemen, is our own by the law of arms, and the right of conquest.

*Crook-finger'd JACK.*

Where shall we find such another set of practical philosophers, who, to a man, are above the fear of death?

WAT DREARY.

Sound men, and true!

## THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

37

ROBIN OF BAGSHOT.

Of try'd courage, and indefatigable industry!

NIMMING NED.

Who is there here that would not die for his friend?

HARRY PADINGTON.

Who is there here that would betray him for his interest?

MATT of the MINT.

Show me a gang of courtiers that can say as much.

BEN BUDGE.

We are for a just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life.

MATT of the MINT.

We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaritious, and I hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jack-daw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind; for money was made for the free-hearted and generous; and where is the injury of taking from another what he hath not the heart to make use of?

JEMMY TWITCHER.

Our several stations for the day are fixt. Good luck attend us. Fill the glasses.

AIR XIX. Fill ev'ry glass, etc.

MATT of the MINT.

Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,

And fires us,

With courage, love and joy;

Women and wine should life employ.

Is there ought else on earth desirous?

CHORUS.

Fill ev'ry glass, etc.



## SCENE II.

*To them enter MACHEATH.*

MACHEATH.

Gentlemen, well met. My heart hath been with you this hour ; but an unexpected affair hath detained me. No ceremony, I beg you.

MATT of the MINT.

We are just breaking up to go upon duty. Am I to have the honour of taking the air with you, Sir, this evening upon the heath? I drink a dram now and then with the stage coach-men in the way of friendship and intelligence, and I know that about this time there will be passengers upon the western road, who are worth speaking with.

MACHEATH.

I was to have been of that party—but —

MATT of the MINT.

But what, Sir?

MACHEATH.

Is there any man that suspects my courage?

MATT of the MINT.

We have all been witnesses of it.

MACHEATH.

My honour and truth to the gang?

MATT of the MINT.

I'll be answerable for it.

MACHEATH.

In the division of our booty, have I ever shown the least marks of avarice or injustice?

MATT of the MINT.

By these questions something seems to have ruffled you. Are any of us suspected?

MACHEATH.

I have a fixt confidence, gentlemen, in you all, as men of honour, and as such I value and respect you. *Peacum* is a man that is useful to us.

MATT of the MINT.

Is he about to play us any foul play? I'll shoot him through the head.

MACHEATH.

I beg you, gentlemen, act with conduct and discretion. A pistol is your last resort.

MATT of the MINT.

He knows nothing of this meeting.

MACHEATH.

Business cannot go on without him. He is a man who knows the world, and is a necessary agent to us. We have had a slight difference, and till it is accommodated I shall be obliged to keep out of his way. Any private dispute of mine shall be of no ill consequence to my friends. You must continue to act under his direction, for the moment we break loose from him, our gang is ruin'd.

MATT of the MINT.

As a bawd to a whore, I grant you, he is to us of great convenience.

MACHEATH.

Make him believe I have quitted the gang, which I can never do but with life. At our private quarters I will continue to meet you. A week or so will probably reconcile us.

MATT of the MINT.

Your instructions shall be observ'd. 'Tis now high time for us to repair to our several duties; so till the evening at our quarters in *Moor-fields* we bid you farewell.

MACHEATH.

I shall wish myself with you. Success attend you.

*[Sits down melancholy at the table.]*

AIR XX. March in *Rinaldo*, with drums and trumpets.

MATT of the MINT.

*Let us take the road.*

*Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!*

*The hour of attack approaches,*

*To your arms, brave boys, and load.*

## THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

*See the ball I hold  
 Let the chimney toot like asses,  
 Our fire their fire surpasses,  
 And turns all our lead to gold.*

[The gang, rang'd in the front of the stage, load their pistols, and stick them under their girdles; then go off singing the first part in Chorus.

## SCENE III.

## MACHEATH, DRAWER.

MACHEATH.

What a fool is a fond wench! *Polly* is most soundly bit—I love the sex. And a man who loves money, might be as well contented with one guinea, as I with one woman. The town perhaps hath been as much obliged to me, for recruiting it with free-hearted ladies, as to any recruiting officer in the army. If it were not for us and the other gentlemen of the sword, *Drury-lane* would be uninhabited.

AIR XXI. Would you have a young virgin, etc.

*If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,  
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears;  
 Like the notes of a fiddle, she sweetly, sweetly  
 Raises the spirits, and charms our ears,  
 Roses and lillies her cheeks disclose,  
 But her ripe lips are more sweet than those,  
 Press her,  
 Caress her,  
 With blisses,  
 Her kisses  
 Dissolve us in pleasure, and soft repose.*

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

41

I must have women. There is nothing unbends the mind like them. Money is not so strong a cordial for the time. Drawer——[*Enter drawer.*] Is the porter gone for all the ladies, according to my directions?

DRAWER.

I expect him back every minute. But you know, Sir, you sent him as far as *Hockley in the Hole* for three of the ladies, for one in *Vinegar-Tard*, and for the rest of them somewhere about *Lewkner's-Lane*. Sure some of them are below, for I hear the bar-bell. As they come I will shew them up. Coming, coming.

## SCENE IV.

MACHEATH, MRS. COAXER, DOLLY TRULL, MRS. VIXEN, BETTY DOXY, JENNY DIVER, MRS. SLAMMEKIN, SUKY TAWDRY, and MOLLY BRAZEN.

MACHEATH.

Dear Mrs. *Coaxer*, you are welcome. You look charmingly to-day. I hope you don't want the repairs of quality, and lay on paint——*Dolly Trull!* kiss me, you slut, are you as amorous as ever, hussy? You are always so taken up with stealing hearts, that you don't allow yourself time to steal any thing else. Ah *Dolly*, thou wilt ever be a coquette——Mrs. *Vixen*, I'm yours; I always lov'd a woman of wit and spirit; they make charming mistresses, but plaguy wives——*Betty Doxy!* Come hither, hussy, do you drink as hard as ever? you had better stick to good wholesome beer; for in troth, *Betty*, strong-waters will in time ruin your constitution. You should leave those to your betters——What! and my pretty *Jenny Diver* too! as prim and demure as ever! there is not any prude, though ever so high-bred, hath a more sanctify'd look, with a more mischievous heart. Ah! thou art a dear artful hypo-



crite—Mrs. *Slammekin!* as careless and genteel as ever! all you fine ladies, who know your own beauty, affect an undress—But see, here's *Suky Tawdry* come to contradict what I was saying. Every thing she gets one way she lays out upon her back. Why, *Suky*, you must keep at least a dozen tally-men. *Molly Brazen!* [*she kisses him.*] That's well done. I love a free-hearted wench. Thou hast a most agreeable assurance, girl, and art as willing as a turtle—But hark, I hear musick. The harper is at the door. *If music be the food of love, play on.* Ere you seat yourselves, ladies, what think you of a dance? come in. [*Enter Harper.*] Play the *French* tune, that Mrs. *Slammekin* was so fond of.

[*A dance a la ronde in the French manner; near the end of it this song and chorus.*]

#### AIR XXII. Cotillon.

*Youth's the season made for joys,*

*Love is then our duty,*

*She alone, who that employs,*

*Well deserves her beauty.*

*Let's be gay,*

*While we may,*

*Beauty's a flower, despis'd in decay,*

*Youth's the season, etc.*

*Let us drink and sport to-day,*

*Ours is not to-morrow.*

*Love with youth flies swift away,*

*Age is nought but sorrow.*

*Dance and sing,*

*Time's on the wing*

*Life never knows the return of spring,*

CHORUS.

*Let us drink, etc.*

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 43

MACHEATH.

Now, pray, ladies, take your places. Here fellow, [*Pays the Harper.*] Bid the drawer bring us more wine. [*Ex. Harper.*] If any of the ladies chuse ginn, I hope they will be so free to call for it.

JENNY DIVER.

You look as if you meant me. Wine is strong enough for me. Indeed, Sir, I never drink strong-waters, but when I have the cholic.

MACHEATH.

Just the excuse of the fine ladies! why, a lady of quality is never without the cholic. I hope, Mrs. Coaxer, you have had good success of late in your visits among the mercers.

MRS. COAXER.

We have so many interlopers—Yet with industry, one may still have a little picking. I carried a silver-flower'd lutestring, and a piece of black padefoy to Mr. Peachum's lock but last week.

MRS. VIXEN.

There's *Molly Brazen* hath the ogle of a rattle-snake. She rivetted a linen-draper's eye so fast upon her, that he was nick'd of three pieces of cambrie before he cou'd look off.

MOLLY BRAZEN.

Oh dear madam!—But sure nothing can come up to your handling of laces! And then you have such a sweet deluding tongue! to cheat a man is nothing; but the woman must have fine parts indeed who cheats a woman!

MRS. VIXEN.

Lace, madam, lies in a small compass, and is of easy conveyance. But you are apt, madam, to think too well of your friends.

MRS. COAXER.

If any woman hath more art than another, to be sure, 'tis *Jenny Diver*. Though her fellow be never so agreeable, she can pick his pocket as coolly, as if

money were her only pleasure. Now that is a command of the passions uncommon in a woman!

JENNY DIVER.

I never go to the tavern with a man, but in the view of business. I have other hours, and other sort of men for my pleasure. But had I your address, madam —

MACHEATH.

Have done with your compliments, ladies, and drink about: you are not so fond of me, Jenny, as you use to be.

JENNY DIVER.

'Tis not convenient, Sir, to show my fondness among so many rivals. 'Tis your own choice, and not the warmth of my inclination that will determine you.

AIR XXIII. All in a misty morning, &c.

*Before the barn-door crowing,*

*The cock by hens attended,*

*His eyes around him throwing,*

*Stands for a while suspended.*

*Then one he singles from the crew,*

*And cheers the happy hen;*

*With how do you do, and how do you do,*

*And how do you do again.*

MACHEATH.

Ah Jenny! thou art a dear slut.

DOLLY TRULL.

Pray, madam, were you ever in keeping?

SUKY TAWDRY.

I hope, madam, I han't been so long upon the town, but I have met with some good fortune as well as my neighbours.

DOLLY TRULL.

Pardon me, madam, I meant no harm by the question: 'twas only in the way of conversation.

SUKY TAWDRY.

Indeed, madam, if I had not been a fool, I might have liv'd very handsomely with my last friend. But upon his missing five guineas, he turn'd me off. Now I never suspected he had counted them.

MRS. SLAMMEKIN.

Who do you look upon, madam, as your best sort of keepers?

DOLLY TRULL.

That, madam, is thereafter as they be.

MRS. SLAMMEKIN.

I, madam, was once kept by a Jew; and bating their religion, to women they are a good sort of people.

SUKY TAWDRY.

Now for my part, I own I like an old fellow; for we always make them pay for what they can't do.

MRS. VIXEN.

A spruce prentice, let me tell you, ladies, is no ill thing, they bleed freely; I have sent at least two or three dozen of them in my time to the plantations.

JENNY DIVER.

But to be sure, Sir, with so much good fortune as you have had upon the road, you must grow immensely rich.

MACHEATH.

The road, indeed, hath done me justice, but the gaming-table hath been my ruin.

AIR XXIV. When once I lay with another man's wife, &c.

JENNY DIVER.

*The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike,  
If they meddle, your all is in danger;  
Like gypsies if once they can finger a souse,  
Four packets they pick, and they pilfer your house,  
And give your estate to a stranger.*



A man of courage should never put any thing to the risque but his life. These are the tools of a man of honour. Cards and dice are only fit for cowardly cheats, who prey upon their friends.

[*She takes up his pistol, Tawdry takes up the other.*]

SUKY TAWDRY.

This, Sir, is fitter for your hand. Besides your loss of money, 'tis a loss to the ladies. Gaming takes you off from women. How fond could I be of you ! but before company, 'tis ill bred.

MACHEATH.

Wanton hussies !

JENNY DIVER.

I must and will have a kiss to give my wine a zest.

[*They take him about the neck, and make signs to Peachum and constables, who rush in upon him.*]

## SCENE V.

*To them PEACHUM, and constables.*

PEACHUM.

I seize you, Sir, as my prisoner.

MACHEATH.

Was this well done, *Jenny* ?—women are decoy ducks ! who can trust them ! beasts, jades, jilts, harpies, furies, whores !

PEACHUM.

Your case, Mr. *Macheath*, is not particular. The greatest heroes have been ruin'd by women. But to do them justice, I must own they are a pretty sort of creatures, if we could trust them. You must now, Sir, take your leave of the ladies, and if they have a mind to make you a visit, they will be sure to find you at home. This gentleman, ladies, lodges in *Newgate*. Constables, wait upon the captain to his lodgings.

AIR XXV. When first I laid siege to my *Ciboris*, &c.

MACHEATH.

*At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure,  
At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure.  
Let me go where I will,  
In all kinds of ill,  
I shall find no such furies as these are.*

PEACHUM.

Ladies, I'll take care the reckoning shall be discharged.

[*Ex. Macheath, guarded with Peachum and constables.*]

SCENE VI.

*The women remain.*

MRS. VIXEN.

Look ye, Mrs. Jenny, though Mr. Peachum may have made a private bargain with you and *Suky Tawdry* for betraying the captain, as we were all assisting, we ought all to share alike.

MRS. COAXER.

I think Mr. Peachum, after so long an acquaintance, might have trusted me as well as *Jenny Diver*.

MRS. SLAMMEKIN.

I am sure at least three men of his hanging, and in a year's time too, if he did me justice, should be set down to my account.

DOLLY TRULL.

Mrs. Slammekin, that is not fair. For you know, one of them was taken in bed with me.

JENNY DIVER.

As far as a bowl of punch or a treat, I believe Mrs. *Suky* will join with me——As for any thing else, ladies, you cannot in conscience expect it.

MRS. SLAMMEKIN.

Dear madam.

DOLLY TRULL.

I would not for the world ———

MRS. SLAMMEKIN.

'Tis impossible for me ———

DOLLY TRULL.

As I hope to be fav'd, madam ———

MRS. SLAMMEKIN.

Nay, then I must stay here all night ———

DOLLY TRULL.

Since you command me.

[Exeunt with great ceremony.]

## SCENE VII. Newgate.

LOCKIT, Turnkeys, MACHEATH, Constables.

LOCKIT.

Noble captain, you are welcome. You have not been a lodger of mine this year and half. You know the custom, Sir, Garnish, captain, Garnish. Hand me down those fetters there.

MACHEATH.

Those, Mr. Lockit, seem to be the heaviest of the whole set. With your leave, I should like the further pair better.

LOCKIT.

Look ye, captain, you know what is fittest for our prisoners. When a gentleman uses me with civility, I always do the best I can to please him——Hand them down, I say——We have them of all prices, from one guinea to ten, and 'tis fitting every gentleman should please himself.

MACHEATH.

I understand you, Sir, [*gives money.*] The fees here are so many and so exorbitant, that few fortunes can bear the expence of getting off handsomely, or of dying like a gentleman.

LOCK IT.

Those, I see, will fit the captain better—Take down the further pair. Do but examine them, Sir,—Never was better work—How genteelly they are made!—They will fit as easy as a glove, and the nicest man in England might not be asham'd to wear them [*He puts on the chains.*] If I had the best gentleman in the land in my custody, I could not equip him more handsomely. And so, Sir—I now leave you to your private meditations.

## SCENE VIII.

MACHEATH.

AIR XXVI. Courtiers, courtiers, think it no harm, &amp;c.

*Man may escape from rope and gun,  
Nay, some have out-liv'd the doctor's pills;  
Who takes a woman must be undone,  
That basilisk is sure to kill.  
The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets,  
So he that tastes woman, woman, woman,  
He that tastes woman, ruin meets.*

To what a woful plight have I brought myself! Here must I, all day-long, 'till I am hang'd, be confin'd to hear the reproaches of a wench who lays her ruin at my door—I am in the custody of her father, and to be sure if he knows of the matter, I shall have a fine time on't betwixt this and my execution—But I promised the wench marriage—What signifies a promise to a woman? Does not man in marriage itself promise a hundred things that he never means to perform? Do all we can, women will believe us; for they look upon a promise as an excuse for following their own inclinations.—But here comes *Lucy*, and I cannot get from her—Wou'd I were deaf!

E



## SCENE IX.

MACHEATH, LUCY.

LUCY.

You base man, you—how can you look me in the face after what hath past between us?—See here, perfidious wretch, how I am forced to bear about the load of infamy you have laid upon me—O *Macheath*! thou hast robb'd me of my quiet—to see thee tortur'd would give me pleasure.

AIR XXVII. A lovely lass to a friar came, *etc.*

*Thus when a good housewife sees a rat  
In her trap in the morning taken,  
With pleasure her heart goes pit-a-pat  
In revenge for her loss of bacon:  
Then she throws him  
To the dog or cat,  
To be worried, crush'd and shaken.*

MACHEATH.

Have you no bowels, no tenderness, my dear *Lucy*, to see a husband in these circumstances?

LUCY.

A husband!

MACHEATH.

In every respect but the form, and that, my dear, may be said over us at any time.—Friends should not insist upon ceremonies. From a man of honour, his word is as good as his bond.

LUCY.

'Tis the pleasure of all you fine men to insult the women you have ruin'd.

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 31

AIR XXVIII. 'Twas when the sea was roiling, *etc.*

*How cruel are the traitors,  
Who lie and swear in jest,  
To cheat unguarded creatures  
Of virtue, fame, and rest!  
Whoever steals a shilling,  
Through shame the guilt conceals:  
In love the perjur'd villain,  
With boasts the theft reveals.*

MACHEATH.

The very first opportunity, my dear, have but patience, you shall be my wife in whatever manner you please.

LUCY.

Insinuating monster! And so you think I know nothing of the affair of miss *Polly Peachum*—I could tear thy eyes out!

MACHEATH.

Sure, *Lucy*, you can't be such a fool as to be jealous of *Polly*!

LUCY.

Are you not married to her, you brute, you?

MACHEATH.

Married! very good. The wench gives it out only to vex thee, and to ruin me in thy good opinion. 'Tis true, I go to the house; I chat with the girl, I kiss her, I say a thousand things to her, as all gentlemen do that mean nothing, to divert myself; and now the silly jade hath set it about that I am married to her, to let me know what she would be at. Indeed, my dear *Lucy*, these violent passions may be of ill consequence to a woman in your condition.

LUCY.

Come, come, captain, for all your assurance, you know that miss *Polly* hath put it out of your power to do me the justice you promis'd me.

MACHEATH.

A jealous woman believes every thing her passion suggests. To convince you of my sincerity, if we can find the Ordinary, I shall have no scruples of making you my wife; and I know the consequence of having two at a time.

LUCY.

That you are only to be hang'd, and so get rid of them both.

MACHEATH.

I am ready, my dear *Lucy*, to give you satisfaction—if you think there is any in marriage—What can a man of honour say more?

LUCY.

So then, it seems, you are not married to miss *Polly*.

MACHEATH.

You know, *Lucy*, the girl is prodigiously conceited. No man can say a civil thing to her, but, like other fine ladies, her vanity makes her think he's her own for ever and ever.

AIR XXIX. The sun had loos'd his weary tears, &c.

*The first time at the looking-glass  
The mother sets her daughter,  
The image strikes the smiling lass  
With self-love ever after.  
Each time she looks, she, sonder grown,  
Thinks ev'ry charm grows stronger:  
But alas, vain maid, all eyes but your own,  
Can see you are not younger.*

When women consider their own beauties, they are all alike unreasonable in their demands, for they expect their lovers should like them as long as they like themselves.

LUCY.

Yonder is my father—perhaps this way we may

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 53

light upon the Ordinary, who shall try if you will be as good as your word — For I long to be made an honest woman.

SCENE X.

PEACHUM, LOCKIT *with an Account-Book.*

LOCKIT.

In this last affair, brother *Peachum*, we are agreed. You have consented to go halves in *Macheath*.

PEACHUM.

We shall never fall out about an execution — But as to that article, pray, how stands our last year's account?

LOCKIT.

If you will run your eye over it, you'll find 'tis fair and clearly stated.

PEACHUM.

This long arrear of the government is very hard upon us! Can it be expected that we should hang our acquaintance for nothing, when our betters will hardly save theirs without being paid for it. Unless the people in employment pay better, I promise them for the future, I shall let other rogues live besides their own.

LOCKIT.

Perhaps, brother, they are afraid these matters may be carried too far. We are treated too by them with contempt, as if our profession were not reputable.

PEACHUM.

In one respect indeed, our employment may be reckon'd dishonest, because like great statesmen, we encourage those who betray their friends.

LOCKIT.

Such language, brother, any where else, might turn to your prejudice. Learn to be more guarded, I beg you.



AIR XXX. How happy are we, *etc.*

*When you censure the age,  
Be cautious and sage,  
Lest the courtiers offended should be:  
If you mention vice or bribe,  
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,  
Each crys——That was levell'd at me.*

PEACHUM.

Here's poor *Ned Clincher's* name, I see. Sure, brother *Lockit*, there was a little unfair proceeding in *Ned's* case; for he told me in the condemn'd hold, that for value receiv'd, you had promis'd him a session or two longer without molestation.

LOCKIT.

Mr. *Peachum*,—This is the first time my honour was ever call'd in question.

PEACHUM.

Business is at an end—if once we act dishonourably.

LOCKIT.

Who accuses me?

PEACHUM.

You are warm, brother.

LOCKIT.

He that attacks my honour, attacks my livelihood—And this usage—Sir—is not to be born.

PEACHUM.

Since you provoke me to speak—I must tell you too, that Mrs. *Coaxer* charges you with defrauding her of her information-money, for the apprehending of curl-pated *Hugh*. Indeed, indeed, brother, we must punctually pay our spies, or we shall have no information.

LOCKIT.

Is this language to me, Sirrah?—who have sav'd you from the gallows, Sirrah! [Collaring each other.]

PEACHUM.

If I am hang'd, it shall be for ridding the world of an arrant rascal.

LOCKIT.

This hand shall do the office of the halter you deserve, and throttle you—you dog!—

PEACHUM.

Brother, brother—We are both in the wrong—We shall be both losers in the dispute, for you know we have it in our power to hang each other. You should not be so passionate.

LOCKIT.

Nor you so provoking.

PEACHUM.

'Tis our mutual interest; 'tis for the interest of the world we should agree. If I said any thing, brother, to the prejudice of your character, I ask pardon.

LOCKIT.

Brother *Peachum*—I can forgive as well as resent—Give me your hand. Suspicion does not become a friend.

PEACHUM.

I only meant to give you occasion to justify yourself: but I must now step home, for I expect the gentleman about this snuff-box, that *Filch* nimm'd two nights ago in the park. I appointed him at this hour.

## SCENE XI.

LOCKIT, LUCY.

LOCKIT.

Whence come you, hussy!

LUCY.

My tears might answer that question.

LOCKIT.

You have then been whimpering and fondling, like a spaniel, over the fellow that has abus'd you.

LUCY.

One can't help love; one can't cure it. 'Tis not in  
my power to obey you, and hate him.

LOCK IT.

Learn to bear your husband's death like a reasonable  
woman. 'Tis not the fashion, now-a-days, so much  
as to affect sorrow upon these occasions. No woman  
would ever marry, if she had not the chance of mortality  
for a release. Act like a woman of spirit, hussy,  
and thank your father for what he is doing.

AIR XXXI. Of a noble race was Shinkin.

LUCY.

*Is then his fate decreed, Sir?*

*Such a man can I think of quitting?*

*When first we met, so moves me yet,*

*O see how my heart is splitting!*

LOCK IT.

Look ye, *Lucy*—There is no saving him—  
So, I think, you must ev'n do like other widows—  
Buy yourself weeds, and be cheerful.

AIR XXXII.

*You'll think e'er many days ensue,*

*This sentence not severe;*

*I hang your husband, child, 'tis true,*

*But with him hang your care.*

*Twang dang dillo dee.*

Like a good wife, go moan over your dying husband.  
That, child, is your duty—Consider, girl, you can't  
have the man and the money too—so make yourself  
as easy as you can, by getting all you can from him.

SCENE XII.

LUCY, MACHEATH.

LUCY.

Though the Ordinary was out of the way to-day, I hope, my dear, you will, upon the first opportunity, quiet my scruples—Oh Sir!—my father's hard heart is not to be soften'd, and I am in the utmost despair.

MACHEATH.

But if I could raise a small sum—would not twenty guineas, think you, move him?—Of all the arguments in the way of business, the perquisite is the most prevailing—Your father's perquisites for the escape of prisoners must amount to a considerable sum in the year. Money well tim'd, and properly apply'd, will do any thing.

AIR XXXIII. London ladies.

*If you at an office solicit your due,  
And would not have matters neglected;  
You must quicken the clerk with the perquisite too,  
To do what his duty directed.  
Or would you the frowns of a lady prevent,  
She too has this palpable failing,  
The perquisite softens her into consent;  
That reason with all is prevailing.*

LUCY.

What love or money can do shall be done: for all my comfort depends upon your safety.



## SCENE XIII.

LUCY, MACHEATH, POLLY.

POLLY.

Where is my dear husband?—Was a rope ever intended for this neck?—O let me throw my arms about it, and throttle thee with love!—Why dost thou turn away from me?—'Tis thy Polly—'Tis thy wife.

MACHEATH.

Was there ever such an unfortunate rascal as I am!

LUCY.

Was there ever such another villain!

POLLY.

O Macheath! was it for this we parted? taken! imprison'd! try'd! hang'd!—cruel reflection! I'll stay with thee 'till death—no force shall tear thy dear wife from thee now.—What means my love?—Not one kind word! not one kind look! think what thy Polly suffers to see thee in this condition.

AIR XXXIV. All in the downs, &amp;c.

*Thus when the swallow, seeking prey,  
Within the fash is closely pent,  
His consort, with bemoaning lay,  
Without sits pining for th' event.  
Her chattering lovers all around her skim,  
She heeds them not, poor bird! her soul's with him.*

MACHEATH.

I must disown her. [*Aside.*] The wench is distract-  
ed.

LUCY.

Am I then bilk'd of my virtue? Can I have no reparation? Sure men were born to lye, and women to believe them! O villain! villain!

POLLY.

Am not I thy wife?—Thy neglect of me, thy aversion to me too severely proves it—Look on me—  
———Tell me, am I not thy wife?

LUCY.

Perfidious wretch!

POLLY.

Barbarous husband!

LUCY.

Hadst thou been hang'd five months ago, I had been happy.

POLLY.

And I too—If you had been kind to me 'till death, it would not have vex'd me—And that's no very unreasonable request, though from a wife, to a man who hath not above seven or eight days to live.

LUCY.

Art thou then married to another! Hast thou two wives, monster?

MACHEATH.

If women's tongues can cease for an answer—  
hear me.

LUCY.

I won't—Flesh and blood can't bear my usage.

POLLY.

Shall I not claim my own? justice bids me speak.

AIR XXXV. Have you heard of a frolicsome ditty, etc.

MACHEATH.

*How happy could I be with either,*

*Were t'other dear charmer away!*

*But while you thus seize me together,*

*To neither a word will I say;*

*But to de rol, etc.*

POLLY.

Sure, my dear, there ought to be some preference

60 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

shown to a wife! At least she may claim the appearance of it. He must be distracted with his misfortunes, or he could not use me thus!

LUCY.

O villain, villain! thou hast deceived me—I could even inform against thee with pleasure. Not a prude wishes more heartily to have facts against her intimate acquaintance, than I now wish to have facts against thee. I would have her satisfaction, and they should all out.

AIR XXXVI. Irish trot.

POLLY.

*I'm bubbled.*

LUCY.

*—— I'm bubbled.*

POLLY.

*O how I am troubled!*

LUCY.

*Bambouzzled, and bit!*

POLLY.

*—— My distresses are doubled.*

LUCY.

*When you come to the tree, should the hangman refuse,  
These fingers, with pleasure, could fasten the noose.*

POLLY.

*I'm bubbled, etc.*

MACHEATH.

Be pacified, my dear *Lucy*—This is all a fetch of *Polly's*, to make me desperate with you in case I get off. If I am hang'd, she would fain have the credit of being thought my widow—Really, *Polly*, this is no time for a dispute of this sort, for whenever you are talking of marriage, I am thinking of hanging.

POLLY.

And hast thou the heart to persist in disowning me?

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 61

MACHEATH.

And hast thou the heart to persist in persuading me that I am married? Why, *Polly*, dost thou seek to aggravate my misfortunes?

LUCY.

Really, Miss *Peachum*, you but expose yourself. Besides, 'tis barbarous in you to worry a gentleman in his circumstances.

## AIR XXXVII.

POLLY.

*Cease your funning;  
Force or cunning  
Never shall my heart trepan;  
All these sallies  
Are but malice  
To seduce my constant man.  
'Tis most certain,  
By their flirting,  
Women oft have envy shown;  
Pleas'd to ruin  
Others wooing;  
Never happy in their own!*

LUCY.

Decency, madam, methinks, might teach you to behave yourself with some reserve with the husband, while his wife is present.

MACHEATH.

But seriously, *Polly*, this is carrying the joke a little too far.

LUCY.

If you are determin'd, madam, to raise a disturbance in the prison, I shall be oblig'd to send for the Turnkey to shew you the door. I am sorry, madam, you force me to be so ill-bred.

POLLY.

Give me leave to tell you, madam; these forward



62 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

airs don't become you in the least, madam. And my duty, madam, obliges me to stay with my husband, madam.

AIR XXXVIII. Good morrow, gossip Joan.

LUCY.

*Why how now, madam Flirt?*

*If you thus must chatter;*

*And are for flinging dirt,*

*Let's try who best can spatter;*

*Madam Flirt!*

POLLY.

*Why how now, saucy jade;*

*Sure the wench is tipsy!*

*How can you see me made*

*The scoff of such a gipsy!*

*Saucy jade!*

[To him.

[To her.

SCENE XIV.

LUCY, MACHEATH, POLLY, PEACHUM.

PEACHUM.

Where's my wench? Ah hussy! hussy!—Come you home, you slut; and when your fellow is hang'd, hang yourself, to make your family some amends.

POLLY.

Dear, dear father, do not tear me from him—I must speak; I have more to say to him—Oh! twist the setters about me, that he may not haul me from thee!

PEACHUM.

Sure all women are alike! If ever they commit the folly, they are sure to commit another by exposing themselves—Away—Not a word more—You are my prisoner now, hussy.

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 63

## AIR XXXIX. Irish Howl,

POLLY.

*No power on earth can e'er divide  
The knot that sacred love hath ty'd.  
When parents draw against our mind,  
The true-love's knot they faster bind.*

*Oh, oh ray, oh amborah, ——— oh, oh, etc.*

*Holding Macheath, Peachum pulling her.*

## SCENE XV.

### LUCY, MACHEATH.

MACHEATH.

I am naturally compassionate, wife, so that I cou'd not use the wench as she deserv'd; which made you at first suspect there was something in what she said.

LUCY.

Indeed, my dear, I was strangely puzzled.

MACHEATH.

If that had been the case, her father would never have brought me into this circumstance——No, *Lucy*——I had rather die than be false to thee.

LUCY.

How happy am I, if you say this from your heart! for I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hang'd than in the arms of another.

MACHEATH.

But couldst thou bear to see me hang'd?

LUCY.

O *Macheath*! I can never live to see that day.

MACHEATH.

You see, *Lucy*; in the account of love you are in my debt, and you must now be convinc'd that I rather chuse to die than to be another's——Make me, if possible, love thee more, and let me owe my life to thee——If you refuse to assist me, *Peachum* and your father will immediately put me beyond all means of escape.

LUCY.

My father, I know, hath been drinking hard with the prisoners: And I fancy he is now taking his nap in his own room—if I can procure the keys, shall I go off with thee, my dear?

MACHEATH.

If we are together, 'twill be impossible to lye conceal'd. As soon as the search begins to be a little cool, I will send to thee—'Till then my heart is thy prisoner.

LUCY.

Come then, my dear husband—owe thy life to me—and though you love me not—be grateful—But that Polly runs in my head strangely.

MACHEATH.

A moment of time may make us unhappy for ever.

AIR XL. The Lads of Patie's Mill, &amp;c.

LUCY.

*I like the fox shall grieve,  
Whose mate hath left her side,  
Whom hounds, from morn to eve,  
Chase o'er the country wide.  
Where can my lover hide?  
Where cheat the weary pack?  
If love be not his guide,  
He never will come back!*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Newgate.*

LOCKIT, LUCY.

LOCKIT.

**T**O be sure, wench, you must have been aiding and abetting to help him to this escape.

LUCY.

Sir, here hath been *Peachum* and his daughter *Polly*, and to be sure they know the ways of *Newgate*, as well as if they had been born and bred in the place all their lives. Why must all your suspicion light upon me?

LOCKIT.

*Lucy, Lucy*, I will have none of these shuffling answers.

LUCY.

Well then—If I know any thing of him, I wish I may be burnt!

LOCKIT.

Keep your temper, *Lucy*, or I shall pronounce you guilty.

LUCY.

Keep yours, Sir,—I do wish I may be burnt. I do—And what can I say more to convince you?

LOCKIT.

Did he tip handsomely?—How much did he come down with? Come, hussy, don't cheat your father, and I shall not be angry with you—Perhaps, you have made a better bargain with him than I could have done—How much, my good girl?



LUCY.

You know, Sir, I am fond of him, and would have given money to have kept him with me.

LOCKIT.

Ah, *Lucy*! thy education might have put thee more upon thy guard; for a girl in the bar of an ale-house is always besieg'd.

LUCY.

Dear Sir, mention not my education—for 'twas to that I owe my ruin.

AIR XLI. *If Love's a sweet Passion, etc.*

*When young at the bar you first taught me to score,  
And bid me be free of my lips, and no more;  
I was kiss'd by the parson, the squire and the sot,  
When the guest was departed, the kiss was forgot.  
But his kiss was so sweet, and so closely he press'd,  
That I languish'd and pin'd till I granted the rest.*

If you can forgive me, Sir, I will make a fair confession, for to be sure he hath been a most barbarous villain to me.

LOCKIT.

And so you have let him escape, huffy—have you?

LUCY.

When a woman loves, a kind look, a tender word, can persuade her to any thing—And I could ask no other bribe.

LOCKIT.

Thou wilt always be a vulgar slut, *Lucy*—If you would not be look'd upon as a fool, you should never do any thing but upon the foot of interest. Those that act otherwise are their own bubbles.

LUCY.

But love, Sir, is a misfortune that may happen to the most discreet woman, and in love we are all fools alike—Notwithstanding all he swore, I am now fully

convinc'd that *Polly Peachum* is actually his wife——Did I let him escape, fool that I was! to go to her?——*Polly* will wheedle herself into his money, and then *Peachum* will hang him, and cheat us both.

LOCK IT.

So I am to be ruin'd, because, forsooth, you must be in love!——a very pretty excuse!

LUCY.

I could murder that impudent happy strumpet——I gave him his life, and that creature enjoys the sweets of it——Ungrateful *Macbeath*!

AIR XLII. South-sea Ballad.

*My love is all madness and folly,  
Alone I lye,  
Toss, tumble, and cry,  
What a happy creature is Polly!  
Was e'er such a wretch as I!  
With rage I redden like scarlet,  
That my dear inconstant varlet,  
Stark blind to my charms,  
Is lost in the arms  
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!  
Stark blind to my charms,  
Is lost in the arms  
Of that jilt, that inveigling harlot!  
This, this my resentment alarms.*

LOCK IT.

And so after all this mischief, I must stay here to be entertain'd with your calterwanling, mistress *Puffs*!——Out of my sight, wanton strumpet! you shall fast and mortify yourself into reason, with now and then a little handsome discipline to bring you to your senses——Go.

## SCENE II.

## LOCKIT.

*Peachum* then intends to out-wit me in this affair ; but I'll be even with him.—The dog is leaky in his liquor, so I'll ply him that way, get the secret from him, and turn this affair to my own advantage.—Lions, wolves, and vultures don't live together in herds, droves or flocks.—Of all animals of prey, man is the only sociable one. Every one of us preys upon his neighbour, and yet we herd together.—*Peachum* is my companion, my friend.—According to the custom of the world, indeed, he may quote thousands of precedents for cheating me.—And shall not I make use of the privilege of friendship to make him a return ?

AIR XLIII. *Packington's Pound.*

*Thus gamesters united in friendship are found,  
Though they know that their industry all is a cheat ;  
They flock to their prey at the dice-box's sound,  
And join to promote one another's deceit ;  
But if by mishap  
They fail of a chap,  
To keep in their hands, they each other intrap :  
Like pikes, lank with hunger, who miss of their ends,  
They bite their companions, and prey on their friends.*

Now, *Peachum*, you and I, like honest tradesmen, are to have a fair trial which of us two can over-reach the other—*Lucy*—[*enter Lucy.*] Are there any of *Peachum's* people now in the house ?

LUCY.

*Filch*, Sir, is drinking a quartern of strong-waters in the next room with black *Moll*.

LOCKIT.

Bid him come to me.

## SCENE III.

## LOCKIT, FILCH.

LOCKIT.

Why, boy, thou lookest as if thou wert half-starved like a shotten herring.

FILCH.

One had need have the constitution of a horse to go through the business.—Since the favourite child-getter was disabled by a mishap, I have picked up a little money by helping the ladies to a pregnancy against their being call'd down to sentence.—But if a man cannot get an honest livelihood an easier way, I am sure 'tis what I can't undertake for another session.

LOCKIT.

Truly, if that great man should tip off, 'twould be an irreparable loss. The vigour and prowess of a knight-errant never sav'd half the ladies in distress that he hath done.—But, boy, canst thou tell me where thy master is to be found?

FILCH.

At his \* lock, Sir, at the *Crooked Billet*.

LOCKIT.

Very well—I have nothing more with you. [*Ex. Filch.*] I'll go to him there, for I have many important affairs to settle with him: and in the way of those transactions, I'll artfully get into his secret. So that *Macheath* shall not remain a day longer out of my clutches.

\* A cant word, signifying a warehouse where stolen goods are deposited.



70 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

SCENE IV. *A gaming-House.*

MACHEATH *in a fine tarnish'd coat*, BEN. BUDGE,  
MATT. of the MINT.

MACHEATH.

I am sorry, gentlemen, the road was so barren of money. When my friends are in difficulties, I am always glad that my fortune can be serviceable to them [*Gives them money.*] You see, gentlemen, I am not a mere court friend, who professes every thing and will do nothing.

AIR XLIV. *Lillibullero.*

*The modes of the court so common are grown,  
That a true friend can hardly be met;  
Friendship for interest is but a loan,  
Which they let out for what they can get.  
'Tis true you find  
Some friends so kind,  
Who will give you good counsel themselves to defend.  
In sorrowful ditty,  
They promise, they pity,  
But shift you for money from friend to friend.*

But we, gentlemen, have still honour enough to break through the corruptions of the world.—And while I can serve you, you may command me.

BEN.

It grieves my heart that so generous a man should be involv'd in such difficulties, as oblige him to live with such ill company, and herd with gamesters.

MATT.

See the partiality of mankind! one man may steal a horse, better than another look over a hedge—Of all mechanics, of all servile handicrafts-men, a gamester is the vilest. But yet, as many of the quality are of the

## THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 71

profession, he is admitted amongst the politest company. I wonder we are not more respected.

MACHEATH.

There will be a deep play to night at *Mary-bone*, and consequently money may be pick'd up upon the road. Meet me there, and I'll give you the hint who is worth setting.

MATT.

The fellow with a brown coat with a narrow gold binding, I am told, is never without money.

MACHEATH.

What do you mean, *Matt*?—Sure you will not think of meddling with him!—He's a good honest kind of a fellow, and one of us.

BEN.

To be sure, Sir, we will put ourselves under your direction.

MACHEATH.

Have an eye upon the money-lenders—A *Rouleau*, or two, would prove a pretty sort of an expedition. I hate extortion.

MATT.

These *Rouleaus* are very pretty things—I hate your bank bills—There is such a hazard in putting them off.

MACHEATH.

There is a certain man of distinction, who in his time hath nick'd me out of a great deal of the ready. He is in my cash, *Ben*—I'll point him out to you this evening, and you shall draw upon him for the debt—The company are met; I hear the dice-box in the other room. So, gentlemen, your servant. You'll meet me at *Mary-bone*.

## THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

S G E N E V. Peachum's Lock.

*A table with wine, brandy, pipes and tobacco.*

PEACHUM, LOCKIT.

LOCKIT.

The coronation-accompt, brother *Peachum*, is of so intricate a nature, that I believe it will never be settled.

*Alas!*  
1812.

PEACHUM.

It consists indeed of a great variety of articles.— It was worth to our people, in fees of different kinds, above ten instalments.— This is part of the accompt, brother, that lies open before us.

LOCKIT.

A lady's tail of rich brocade—— that, I see, is dispos'd of.

PEACHUM.

To Mrs. *Diana Trapes*, the tally-woman, and she will make a good hand on't in shoes and slippers, to trick out young ladies, upon their going into keep- ing.—

LOCKIT.

But I don't see any article of the jewels.

PEACHUM.

These are so well known that they must be sent abroad.— You'll find them enter'd under the article of exportation.— As for the snuff-boxes, watches, swords, *etc.*— I thought it best to enter them under their several heads.

LOCKIT.

Seven and twenty women's pockets complete; with the several things therein contain'd; all seal'd, number'd and enter'd.

PEACHUM.

But, brother, it is impossible for us now to enter upon this affair.— We should have the whole day be-

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 73

fore us—Besides, the account of the last half year's plate is in a book by itself, which lies at the other office.

LOCKIT.

Bring us then more liquor—To-day shall be for pleasure—To-morrow for business—Ah brother, those daughters of our's are two slippery hussies—Keep a watchful eye upon Polly, and Macheath in a day or two shall be our own again.

AIR XLV. Down in the North Country, etc.

LOCKIT.

*What gudgeons are we men?  
 Ev'ry woman's easy prey,  
 Though we have felt the hook, again  
 We bite and they betray.  
 The bird that hath been trapt,  
 When he hears his calling mate,  
 To her he flies, again he's clapt  
 Within the wiry grate.*

PEACHUM.

But what signifies catching the bird, if your daughter *Lucy* will set open the door of the cage?

LOCKIT.

If men were answerable for the follies and frailties of their wives and daughters, no friends could keep a good correspondence together for two days.—This is unkind of you, brother; for among good friends, what they say or do goes for nothing.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT.

Sir, here's Mrs. *Diana Trapes* wants to speak with you.

PEACHUM.

Shall we admit her, brother *Lockit*?

G



LOCKIT.

By all means—She's a good customer, and a fine spoken woman—And a woman, who drinks and talks so freely, will enliven the conversation.

PEACHUM.

Desire her to walk in.

[Exit Servant.]

## SCENE VI.

PEACHUM, LOCKIT, Mrs. TRAPES.

PEACHUM.

Dear Mrs. *Dye*, your servant—One may know by your kiss, that your ginn is excellent.

MRS. TRAPES.

I was always very curious in my liquors.

LOCKIT.

There is no perfum'd breath like it—I have been long acquainted with the flavour of those lips—han't I, Mrs. *Dye*?

MRS. TRAPES.

Fill it up—I take as large draughts of liquor, as I did of love—I hate a flincher in either.

AIR XLVI. A Shepherd kept Sheep, *etc.*

*In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, fa, la, la, etc.  
Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love, fa, la, la, etc.  
The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,  
Lip to lip while we're young--then the lip to the glass, fa, etc.*

But now, Mr. *Peachum*, to our business—If you have blacks of any kind, brought in of late; mantoes—Velvet scarfs—Petticoats—Let it be what it will—I am your chap—for all my ladies are very fond of mourning.

PEACHUM.

Why, look ye, Mrs. *Dye*—you deal so hard with

us, that we can afford to give the gentlemen, who venture their lives for the goods, little or nothing.

MRS. TRAPES.

The hard times oblige me to go very near in my dealing—to be sure, of late years I have been a great sufferer by the parliament—Three thousand pounds would hardly make me amends—The act for destroying the mint was a severe cut upon our business—'Till then, if a customer stept out of the way—we knew where to have her—No doubt you know Mrs. *Coaxer*—there's a wench now, till to-day, with a good suit of clothes of mine upon her back, and I could never set eyes upon her for three months together—Since the act too against imprisonment for small sums, my loss there too hath been very considerable; and it must be so, when a lady can borrow a handsome petticoat, or a clean gown, and I not have the least hank upon her! And, o' my conscience, now-a-days most ladies take a delight in cheating, when they can do it with safety.

PEACHUM.

Madam, you had a handsome gold watch of us t'other day for seven guineas—Considering we must have our profit—To a gentleman upon the road, a gold watch will be scarce worth the taking.

MRS. TRAPES.

Consider, Mr. *Peachum*, that watch was remarkable, and not of very safe sale—If you have any black velvet scarfs—they are a handsome winter wear; and take with most gentlemen who deal with my customers—'Tis I that put the ladies upon a good foot. 'Tis not youth or beauty that fixes their price. The gentlemen always pay according to their dress, from half a crown to two guineas; and yet those hussies make nothing of bilking me—Then too, allowing for accidents—I have eleven fine customers now down under the surgeon's hands, what with fees and other expences, there are great goings-out, and no comings-in, and not a

farthing to pay for at least a month's clothing—We run great risques—great risques indeed.

PEACHUM.

As I remember, you said something just now of Mrs. Coaxer.

MRS. TRAPES.

Yes, Sir——To be sure I stript her of a suit of my own clothes about two hours ago; and have left her as she should be, in her shift, with a lover of hers at my house. She call'd him up stairs, as he was going to *Mary-bone* in a hackney coach——And I hope for her own sake and mine, she will persuade the captain to redeem her; for the captain is very generous to the ladies.

LOCKIT.

What captain?

MRS. TRAPES.

He thought I did not know him——An intimate acquaintance of yours, Mr. *Peachum*——Only captain *Macheath*——as fine as a lord.

PEACHUM.

To-morrow, dear Mrs. *Dye*, you shall set your own price upon any of the goods you like——We have at least half a dozen of velvet scarfs, and all at your service. Will you give me leave to make you a present of this suit of night-clothes for your own wearing?——But are you sure it is captain *Macheath*?

MRS. TRAPES.

Though he thinks I have forgot him, no-body knows him better. I have taken a great deal of the captain's money in my time at second-hand; for he always lov'd to have his ladies well dress'd.

PEACHUM.

Mr. *Lockit* and I have a little business with the captain;——You understand me——and we will satisfy you for Mrs. *Coaxer*'s debt.

LOCKIT.

Depend upon it——we will deal like men of honour

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 77

MRS. TRAPES.

I don't enquire after your affairs—so whatever happens, I wash my hands on't—It hath always been my maxim, that one friend should assist another—But if you please—I'll take one of the scarfs home with me. 'Tis always good to have something in hand.

## SCENE VII. Newgate.

LUCY.

Jealousy, rage, love and fear, are at once tearing me to pieces. How I am weather-beaten and shatter'd with distress!

AIR XLVII. One evening having lost my way, *etc.*

*I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost,  
Now high, now low, with each billow born,  
With her rudder broke, and her anchor lost,  
Deserted and all forlorn.  
While thus I lye rolling and tossing all night,  
That Polly lyes sporting on the seas of delight!  
Revenge, revenge, revenge,  
Shall appease my restless sprite.*

I have the rats-bane ready—I run no risque; for I can lay her death upon the ginn, and so many die of that naturally, that I shall never be call'd in question—But say I were to be hang'd—I never could be hang'd for any thing that would give me greater comfort, than the poisoning that slut.

Enter FILCH.

FILCH.

Madam, here's our miss Polly come to wait upon you.

LUCY.

Show her in.



## SCENE VIII.

LUCY, POLLY.

LUCY.

Dear madam, your servant,—I hope you will pardon my passion, when I was so happy to see you last—I was so over-run with the spleen, that I was perfectly out of myself. And really when one hath the spleen, every thing is to be excus'd by a friend.

AIR XLVIII. Now *Roger*, I'll tell thee because thou'rt my Son.

*When a wife's in her pout,  
(As she's sometimes, no doubt,)  
The good husband as meek as a lamb,  
Her vapours to still,  
First grants her her will,  
And the quieting draught is a dram;  
Poor man! And the quieting draught is a dram.*

——— I wish all our quarrels might have so comfortable reconciliation.

POLLY.

I have no excuse for my own behaviour, madam, but my misfortunes——And really, madam, I suffer too upon your account.

LUCY.

But, miss *Polly*——in the way of friendship, will you give me leave to propose a glass of cordial to you?

POLLY.

Strong waters are apt to give me the head-ach—— I hope, madam, you will excuse me.

LUCY.

Not the greatest lady in the land could have better in her closet, for her own private drinking——You seem mighty low in spirits, my dear.

POLLY.

I am sorry, madam, my health will not allow me to accept of your offer—I should not have left you in the rude manner I did when we met last, madam, had not my papa haul'd me away so unexpectedly—I was indeed somewhat provok'd, and perhaps might use some expressions that were disrespectful—But really, madam, the captain treated me with so much contempt and cruelty, that I deserv'd your pity, rather than your resentment.

LUCY.

But since his escape, no doubt, all matters are made up again—Ah *Polly! Polly!* 'tis I am the unhappy wife; and he loves you as if you were only his mistress.

POLLY.

Sure, madam, you cannot think me so happy as to be the object of your jealousy—A man is always afraid of a woman who loves him too well—so that I must expect to be neglected and avoided.

LUCY.

Then our cases, my dear *Polly*, are exactly alike. Both of us indeed have been too fond.

## AIR XLIX. O Bessy Bell.

POLLY.

*A curse attends that woman's love,  
Who always would be pleasing.*

LUCY.

*The pertness of the billing dove,  
Like tickling is but teasing.*

POLLY.

*What then in love can women do?*

LUCY.

*If we grow fond they shun us.*

POLLY.

*And when we fly them, they pursue,*

LUCY.

*But leave us when they've won us.*

LUCY.

Love is so very whimsical in both sexes, that it is impossible to be lasting—But my heart is particular, and contradicts my own observation.

POLLY.

But really, mistress *Lucy*, by his last behaviour, I think, I ought to envy you—When I was forc'd from him, he did not shew the least tenderness—But perhaps, he hath a heart not capable of it.

AIR L. Would fate to me *Belinda* give—

*Among the men, coquettes we find,  
Who court by turns all woman-kind;  
And we grant all their hearts desir'd,  
When they are flatter'd and admir'd.*

The coquettes of both sexes are self-lovers, and that is a love no other whatever can dispossess. I fear, my dear *Lucy*, our husband is one of those.

LUCY.

Away with these melancholy reflections.—Indeed, my dear *Polly*, we are both of us a cup too low.—Let me prevail upon you, to accept of my offer.

AIR LI. Come, sweet lass, etc.

*Come, sweet lass,  
Let's banish sorrow,  
'Till to-morrow;  
Come, sweet lass,  
Let's take a chirping glass.  
Wine can clear  
The vapours of despair;  
And make us light as air;  
Then drink, and banish care.*

I can't bear, child, to see you in such low spirits—  
And I must persuade you to what I know will do you

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 51

good—I shall now soon be even with the hypocritical strumpet. *[Aside.]*

## SCENE IX.

POLLY.

POLLY.

All this wheedling of *Lucy* cannot be for nothing—At this time too! when I know she hates me!—The dissembling of a woman is always the fore-runner of mischief—By pouring strong-waters down my throat, she thinks to pump some secrets out of me—I'll be upon my guard, and won't taste a drop of her liquor, I'm resolv'd.

## SCENE X.

LUCY, with strong waters,

LUCY.

Come, miss *Polly*.

POLLY.

Indeed, child, you have given yourself trouble to no purpose—You must, my dear, excuse me.

LUCY.

Really, miss *Polly*, you are so squeamishly affected about taking a cup of strong waters as a lady before company. I vow, *Polly*, I shall take it monstrously ill if you refuse me—Brandy and men, though women love them never so well, are always taken by us with some reluctance—unless 'tis in private.

POLLY.

I protest, madam, it goes against me.—What do I see! *Macheath* again in custody!—Now every glimm'ring of happiness is lost.

*[Drops the glass of liquor on the ground.]*

LUCY.

Since things are thus, I am glad the wench hath e-



82 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

scap'd: for by this event, 'tis plain she was not happy enough to deserve to be poison'd. [*Aside.*]

SCENE XI.

LOCKIT, MACHEATH, PEACHUM, LUCY,  
POLLY.

LOCKIT.

Set your heart to rest, captain—You have neither the chance of love or money for another escape—for you are order'd to be call'd down upon your trial immediately.

PEACHUM.

Away, hussies!—This is not time for a man to be hamper'd with his wives.———You see the gentleman is in chains already.

LUCY.

O husband, husband, my heart long'd to see thee; but to see thee thus distracts me!

POLLY.

Will not my dear husband look upon his Polly? Why hadst thou not flown to me for protection? With me thou hadst been safe.

AYR LII. The last time I came o'er the Moor.

POLLY.

*Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes.*

LUCY.

*Bestow one glance to cheer me.*

POLLY.

*Think with that look, thy Polly dies.*

LUCY.

*O shun me not———but hear me.*

POLLY.

*'Tis Polly sues.*

LUCY.

*———'Tis Lucy speaks.*

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 83

POLLY.

*Is thus true love requited?*

LUCY.

*My heart is bursting.*

POLLY.

—— *Mine too breaks.*

LUCY.

*Must I*

POLLY.

—— *Must I be slighted?*

MACHEATH.

What would you have me say, ladies?—You see this affair will soon be at an end, without my disobliging either of you.

PEACHUM.

But the settling this point, captain, might prevent a law-suit between your two widows.

AIR LIII. *Tom Tinker's my true Love.*

MACHEATH.

*Which way shall I turn me?—How can I decide?  
Wives, the day of our death, are as fond as a bride.  
One wife is too much for most husbands to bear,  
But two at a time there's no mortal can bear;  
This way, and that way, and which way I will,  
What would comfort the one, & other wife would take ill.*

POLLY.

But if his own misfortunes have made him insensible to mine——A father, sure, will be more compassionate——Dear, dear Sir, sink the material evidence, and bring him off at his trial——Polly upon her knees begs it of you.

AIR LIV. *I am a poor shepherd undone.*

*When my hero in court appears,  
And stands arraign'd for his life;  
Then think of poor Polly's tears;  
For ah! poor Polly's his wife.*

84 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

*Like the sailor he holds up his hand,  
Distrest on the dashing wave :  
To die a dry death at land,  
Is as bad as a watery grave.  
And alas, poor Polly !  
Alack, and well-a-day !  
Before I was in love,  
Oh! every month was May.*

LUCY.

If Peachum's heart is harden'd; sure you, Sir, will have more compassion on a daughter—I know the evidence is in your power—How then can you be a tyrant to me ! [Kneeling.]

AIR LV. *Ianthe the lovely, etc.*

*When he holds up his hand arraign'd for his life,  
O think of your daughter, and think I'm his wife!  
What are cannons, or bombs, or clashing of swords ?  
For death is more certain by witnesses words.  
Then nail up their lips ; that dread thunder alloy ;  
And each month of my life will hereafter be May.*

LOCK IT.

Macbeath's time is come, Lucy—We know our own affairs, therefore let us have no more whimpering or whining.

AIR LVI. A Cobler there was, etc.

*Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat,  
When matters require it, must give up our gang :  
And good reason why,  
Or, instead of the fry,  
Ev'n Peachum and I,  
Like poor petty rascals, might hang, hang ;  
Like poor petty rascals, might hang.*

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. 85

PEACHUM.

Set your heart at rest, *Polly*.—Your husband is to die to-day.—Therefore, if you are not already provided, 'tis high time to look about for another. There's comfort for you, you slut.

LOCK IT.

We are ready, Sir, to conduct you to the *Old-Baily*.

AIR LVII. *Bonny Dundee*.

MACHEATH.

*The charge is prepar'd; the lawyers are met,  
The judges all rang'd, a terrible show!  
I go, undismay'd—for death is a debt,  
A debt on demand—so, take what I owe.  
Then farewell, my Love,—Dear charmers, adieu,  
Contented I die—'Tis the better for you.  
Here ends all dispute the rest of our lives,  
For this way at once I please all my wives.*

Now, gentlemen, I am ready to attend you.

SCENE XII.

LUCY, POLLY, FILCH.

POLLY.

Follow them, *Filch*, to the court. And when the trial is over, bring me a particular account of his behaviour, and of every thing that happen'd.—You'll find me here with miss *Lucy*. [*Ex. Filch.*] But why is all this music?

LUCY.

The prisoners, whose trials are put off till next sessions, are diverting themselves.

POLLY.

Sure there is nothing so charming as music! I'm fond of it to distraction!—But alas!—now, all mirth seems an insult-upon my affliction—Let us re-

H



86 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

tire, my dear *Lucy*, and indulge our sorrows.—The noisy crew, you see, are coming upon us. [Exeunt.

*A dance of prisoners in chains, etc.*

SCENE XIII.

The condemn'd Hold.

MACHEATH, in a melancholy Posture.

AIR LVIII. Happy Groves.

*O cruel, cruel, cruel case ;  
Must I suffer this disgrace ?*

AIR LIX. Of all the Girls that are so smart.

*Of all the friends in time of grief,  
When threat'ning death looks grimmer,  
Not one so sure can bring relief,  
As this best friend, a brimmer.* [Drinks.]

AIR LX. Britons strike home.

*Since I must swing,—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine.* [Rifes.

AIR LXI. Chevy-Chase.

*But now again my spirits sink ;  
I'll raise them high with wine.* [Drinks a glass of wine.

AIR LXII. To old Sir Simon the King.

*But valour the stronger grows,  
The stronger liquor we're drinking ;  
And how can we feel our woes,  
When we've lost the trouble of thinking?* [Drinks.

AIR LXIII. Joy to great Caesar.

*If thus———A man can die,  
Much bolder with brandy.* [Pours out a bumper of brandy.

# THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

87

**AIR LXIV.** There was an old Woman,  
*So, I drink off this bumper.—And now I can stand the test,  
 And my comrades shall see, that I die as brave as the best.*  
 [Drinks.]

**AIR LXV.** Did you ever hear of a gallant Sailor.  
*But can I leave my pretty buffies,  
 Without one tear or tender sigh?*

**AIR LXVI.** Why are mine eyes still flowing.  
*Their eyes, their lips, their buffies,  
 Recal my love.—Ah must I die!*

**AIR LXVII.** Green Sleeves, How  
*Since laws were made for ev'ry degree  
 To curb vice in others, as well as me,  
 I wonder we han't better company,  
 Upon Tyburn tree!  
 But gold from law can take out the sting;  
 And if rich men like us were to swing,  
 'Twould thin the land, such numbers to string  
 Upon Tyburn tree!*

**JAILOR.**  
*Some friends of yours, captain, desire to be admitted—I leave you together.*

## SCENE XIV.

**MACHEATH, BEN. BUDGE, MATT. of the MINT.**

**MACHEATH.**  
*For my having broke prison, you see, gentlemen, I  
 am order'd immediate execution.—The sheriff's of-  
 ficers, I believe, are now at the door—That Jemmy*

*Twitche* should peach me, I own surpriz'd me! —  
—'Tis a plain proof that the world is all alike, and  
that even our gang can no more trust one another than  
other people. Therefore, I beg you, gentlemen, look  
well to yourselves, for in all probability you may live  
some months longer.

MATT.

We are heartily sorry, captain, for your misfortune  
—But 'tis what we must all come to.

MACHEATH.

*Peacum* and *Lockit*, you know, are infamous scound-  
rels. Their lives are as much in your power, as  
yours are in theirs—Remember your dying friend!  
'Tis my last request.—Bring those villains to the gal-  
lows before you, and I am satisfied.

MATT.

We'll do it.

JAILOR.

Miss *Polly* and miss *Lucy* intreat a word with you.

MACHEATH.

Gentlemen, adieu.

## SCENE XV.

LUCY, MACHEATH, POLLY.

MACHEATH.

My dear *Lucy*—my dear *Polly*—Whatsoever hath  
pass'd between us is now at an end.—If you are fond  
of marrying again, the best advice I can give you, is  
to ship yourselves off for the *West-Indies*, where you'll  
have a fair chance of getting a husband apiece; or by  
good luck, two or three, as you like best.

POLLY.

How can I support this sight!

LUCY.

There is nothing moves one so much as a great man  
in distress.

AIR LXVIII. All you that must take a leap, *etc.*

LUCY.

*Would I might be hang'd!*

POLLY.

——— *And I would so too!*

LUCY.

*To be hang'd with you.*

POLLY.

——— *My dear, with you.*

MACHEATH.

*O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt!*

*I tremble! I droop! — See my courage is out.*

[Turns up the empty bottle.

POLLY.

*No token of love?*

MACHEATH.

——— *See my courage is out.* [Turns up the empty pot.

LUCY.

*No token of love?*

POLLY.

——— *Adieu.*

LUCY.

——— *Farewel.*

MACHEATH.

*But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.*

CHORUS.

*Tol de rol lol, etc.*

JAILOR.

Four women more, captain, with a child apiece!  
See, here they come. [Enter women and children.

MACHEATH.

What — four wives more! — This is too much

—— Here — tell the sheriff's officers I am ready.

[Exit Macheath guarded.



## S C E N E XVI.

To them enter PLAYER and BEGGAR.

PLAYER.

But, honest friend, I hope you don't intend that *Macheath* shall be really executed.

BEGGAR.

Most certainly, Sir—To make the piece perfect. I was for doing strict poetical justice.—*Macheath* is to be hang'd; and for the other personages of the drama, the audience must have suppos'd they were all either hang'd or transported.

PLAYER.

Why then, friend, this is a downright deep tragedy. The catastrophe is manifestly wrong; for an opera must end happily.

BEGGAR.

Your objection, Sir, is very just; and is easily remov'd. For you must allow that in this kind of drama, 'tis no matter how absurdly things are brought about—So—you rabble there—run and cry, A reprieve!—let the prisoner be brought back to his wives in triumph.

PLAYER.

All this we must do, to comply with the taste of the town.

BEGGAR.

Through the whole piece you may observe such a similitude of manners in high and low life, that it is difficult to determine whether, in the fashionable vices, the fine gentlemen imitate the gentlemen of the road, or the gentlemen of the road the fine gentlemen—Had the play remain'd, as I at first intended, it would have carried a most excellent moral. 'Twould have shewn that the lower sort of people have their vices in a degree as well as the rich: and that they are punish'd for them.

SCENE XVII.

*To them* MACHEATH *with rabble, etc.*

MACHEATH.

So, it seems, I am not left to my choice, but must have a wife at last.—Look ye, my dears, we will have no controversy now. Let us give this day to mirth, and I am sure she who thinks herself my wife will testify her joy by a dance.

ALL.

Come, a dance,——a dance.

MACHEATH.

Ladies, I hope you will give me leave to present a partner to each of you. And, if I may without offence, for this time, I take *Polly* for mine——And for life, you slut——for we were really married——As for the rest —— But at present keep your own secret. [To *Polly*.

A DANCE.

AIR LXIX. Lumps of Pudding, etc.

*Thus I stand like the Turk, with his doxies around;  
From all sides their glances his passion confound!  
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,  
And the different beauties subdue him by turns:  
Each calls forth her charms, to provoke his desires,  
Though willing to all, with but one he retires.  
But think of this maxim, and put off your sorrow,  
The wretch of to-day, may be happy to-morrow.*

CHORUS.

*But think of this maxim, etc.*

The END of the FIRST PART.



INTRODUCTION

POLLY:

AN

OPERA.

BEING THE

SECOND PART

OF THE

BEGGAR'S OPERA.

WRITTEN BY MR. GAY.

*Raro antecedentem scelestum  
Deferuit pede poena claudo.*

Hor.



POLLY:  
AN  
OPERA.  
BEING THE  
SECOND PART  
OF THE  
BEGGAR'S OPERA.

WRITTEN BY MR. GAY.

Revised and corrected by the Author.  
Hos.

## INTRODUCTION.

## POET, PLAYER.

POET.

A Sequel to a play is like more last words, 'Tis a kind of absurdity; and really, Sir, you have prevail'd upon me to pursue this subject against my judgment.

1st PLAYER.

Be the success as it will, you are sure of what you have contracted for; and upon the inducement of profit no body can blame you for undertaking it.

POET.

I know, I must have been look'd upon as whimsical and singular, if I had scrap'd to have risk'd my reputation for my profit; for why should I be more squeamish than my betters? and so, Sir, contrary to my opinion, I bring *Polly* once again upon the stage.

1st PLAYER.

Consider, Sir, you have prepossession on your side.

POET.

But then the pleasure of novelty is lost; and in a thing of this nature I am afraid I shall hardly be pardon'd for imitating myself; for, sure, pieces of this sort are not to be followed as precedents. My dependence, like a cheating bookseller's, is, that the kind reception the first part met with will carry off the second, be it what it will.

1st PLAYER.

You should not disparage your own works; you will have critics enough who will be glad to do that for you: and let me tell you, Sir, after the success you have had, you must expect envy.

POET.

Since I have had more applause than I can deserve, I must, with other authors, be content, if critics allow me less. I should be an arrant courtier or an arrant beggar indeed, if, as soon as I have receiv'd one unmerited favour, I should lay claim to another; I don't flatter myself with the like success.

1st PLAYER.

I hope, Sir, in the catastrophe you have not run into the absurdity of your last piece.

POET.

I know that I have been unjustly accus'd of having given up my moral for a joke, like a fine gentleman in conversation; but whatever be the event now, I will not so much as seem to give up my moral.

1st PLAYER.

Really, Sir, an author should comply with the customs and taste of the town.—I am indeed afraid too that your satire here and there is too free. A man should be cautious how he mentions any vice whatsoever before good company, lest somebody present should apply it to himself.

POET.

The stage, Sir, hath the privilege of the pulpit to attack vice, however dignified or distinguish'd, and preachers and poets should not be too well-bred upon these occasions: no-body can overdo it when he attacks the vice and not the person.

1st PLAYER.

But how can you hinder spiteful applications?

POET.

Let those answer for them who make them. I aim at no particular persons; my strokes are at vice in general: but if any men particularly vicious are hurt, I make no apology, but leave them to the cure of their flatterers. If an author write in character, the lower people reflect on the follies and vices of the rich and great, and an *Indian* judges and talks of *Europeans* by

## INTRODUCTION. 97

those he hath seen and convers'd with, *etc.* And I will venture to own that I wish every man of power or riches were really and apparently virtuous, which would soon amend and reform the common people who act by imitation.

1st PLAYER.

But a little indulgence and partiality to the vices of your own country, without doubt, would be look'd upon as more prudent. Though your satire, Sir, is on vices in general, it must and will give offence; every vicious man thinks you particular; for conscience will make self-application. And why will you make yourself so many enemies? I say no more upon this head. As to us, I hope you are satisfy'd we have done all we could for you; for you will now have the advantage of all our best singers.

*Enter 2d PLAYER.*

2d PLAYER.

'Tis impossible to perform the opera to night, all the fine singers within are out of humour with their parts. The Tenor says he was never offer'd such an affront, and in a rage flung his clean lambskin gloves into the fire; he swears that in his whole life he never did sing, would sing, or could sing, but in true kid.

1st PLAYER.

Music might tame and civilize wild beasts, but 'tis evident it never yet could tame and civilize musicians.

*Enter 3d PLAYER.*

3d PLAYER.

Sir, *Signora Crotchetta* says she finds her character so low, that she had rather die than sing it.

1st PLAYER.

Tell her, by her agreement, I can make her sing it.

I



*Enter* SIGNORA CROTCHETTA.

CROTCHETTA.

Barbarous tramontane! Where are all the lovers of *Virtù*? will they not all rise in arms in my defence? make me sing it! Good Gods! should I tamely submit to such usage, I should debase myself through all *Europe*.

1st PLAYER.

In the opera, nine or ten years ago, I remember, madam, your appearance in a character little better than a fish.

CROTCHETTA.

A fish! monstrous! Let me inform you, Sir, that a Mermaid or Syren is not many removes from a sea-goddes; or I had never submitted to be that fish which you are pleas'd to call me by way of reproach. I have a cold, Sir; I am sick. I don't see why I may not be allow'd the privilege of sickness now and then as well as others. If a singer may not be indulg'd in her humours, I am sure she will soon become of no consequence with the town. And so, Sir, I have a cold; I am hoarse. I hope now you are satisfied.

[*Exit* Crotchetta in a fury.

*Enter* 4th PLAYER.

4th PLAYER.

Sir, the base voice insists upon pearl-colour'd stockings and red-heel'd shoes.

1st PLAYER.

There is no ruling caprice. But how shall we make our excuses to the house?

4th PLAYER.

Since the town was last year so kind as to encourage an opera without singers; the favour I was then shown obliges me to offer myself once more, rather than the audience should be dismiss'd. All the other comedians

## INTRODUCTION. 99

upon this emergency are willing to do their best, and hope for your favour and indulgence.

1st PLAYER.

Ladies and gentlemen, as we wish to do every thing for your diversion, and that singers only will come when they will come, we beg you to excuse this unforeseen accident, and to accept the proposal of the comedians, who rely wholly on your courtesie and protection.

[*Exeunt.*]

## The OUVERTURE.

**Dramatis Personae.**

Ducat.  
Morano.  
Vanderbluff.  
Capstern.  
Hacker.  
Culverin.  
Laguerre.  
Cutlace.  
Pohetohee.  
Cawwawkee.

*Servants, Indians, Pyrates, Guards, etc.*

Polly.  
Mrs. Ducat.  
Trapes.  
Jenny Diver.  
Flimzy.  
Damaris.

**SCENE, In the West-Indies.**

THE  
SECOND PART  
OF THE  
BEGGAR'S OPERA.  
ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Ducat's House.*

DUCAT, TRAPES.

TRAPES.

THOUGH you were born and bred and live in the *Indies*, as you are a subject of *Britain* you should live up to our customs. Prodigality there is a fashion that is among all ranks of people. Why, our very younger brothers push themselves into the polite world by squandering more than they are worth. You are rich, very rich, Mr. *Ducat*; and I grant you, the more you have, the taste of getting more should grow stronger upon you. 'Tis just so with us. But then the richest of our lords and gentlemen, who live elegantly, always run out. 'Tis genteel to be in debt. Your luxury should distinguish you from the vulgar. You cannot be too expensive in your pleasures.



## AIR I. The disappointed Widow.

*The manners of the great affect ;  
 Stint not your pleasure :  
 If conscience had their genius checkt,  
 How gain'd they treasure ?  
 The more in debt, run in debt the more,  
 Careless who is undone ;  
 Morals and honesty leave to the poor,  
 As they do at London.*

## DUCAT.

I never expected to have heard thrift laid to my charge. There is not a man, though I say it, in all the *Indies*, who lives more plentifully than myself; nor, who enjoys the necessaries of life in so handsome a manner.

## TRAPES.

There it is now. Who ever heard a man of fortune in *England* talk of the necessaries of life? If the necessaries of life would have satisfied such a poor body as me, to be sure I had never come to better my fortune to the plantations. Whether we can afford it or no, we must have superfluities. We never stint our expence to our own fortunes, but are miserable if we do not live up to the profuseness of our neighbours. If we could content ourselves with the necessaries of life, no man alive ever need be dishonest. As to woman now; why, look ye, Mr. *Ducat*, a man hath what we may call every thing that is necessary in a wife.

## DUCAT.

Ay, and more!

## TRAPES.

But for all that, d'ye see, your married men are my best customers. It keeps wives upon their good behaviours.

DUCAT.

But there are jealousies and family lectures, Mrs. *Trapes*.

TRAPEs.

Bless us all ! how little are our customs known on this side the herring-pond ! why, jealousy is out of fashion even among our common country-gentlemen. I hope you are better bred than to be jealous. A husband and wife should have a mutual complaisance for each other. Sure, your wife is not so unreasonable to expect to have you always to herself.

DUCAT.

As I have a good estate, Mrs. *Trapes*, I would willingly run into every thing that is agreeable to my dignity and fortune. Nobody throws himself into the extravagancies of life with a freer spirit. As to conscience and musty morals, I have as few drawbacks upon my profits or pleasures as any person of quality in *England*; in those I am not in the least vulgar. Besides, madam, in most of my expences I run into the polite taste. I have a fine library of books that I never read ; I have a fine stable of horses that I never ride ; I build, I buy plate, jewels, pictures, or any thing that is valuable and curious, as your great men do, merely out of ostentation. But indeed I must confess, I do still cohabit with my wife; and she is very uneasy and vexatious upon account of my visits to you.

TRAPEs.

Indeed, indeed, Mr. *Ducat*, you should break through all this usurpation at once, and keep. — Now too is your time ; for I have a fresh cargo of ladies just arriv'd: no man alive shall set eyes upon them till you have provided yourself. You should keep your lady in awe by her maid ; place a handsome, brisk wench near your wife, and she will be a spy upon her into the bargain. I would have you shew yourself a fine gentleman in every thing.

DUCAT.

But I am somewhat advanc'd in life, Mrs. Trapes, and my duty to my wife lies very hard upon me; I must leave keeping to younger husbands and old bachelors.

TRAPEZ.

There it is again now! our very vulgar pursue pleasures in the flush of youth and inclination, but our great men are fashionably profligate when their appetite hath left them.

AIR II. The Irish ground.

BASS.

DUCAT.

*What can wealth  
When we're old?  
Youth and wealth  
Are not sold.*

TREBLE.

TRAPEZ.

*When love in the pulse beats low,  
(As haply it may with you)  
A girl can fresh youth bestow,  
And kindle desire anew.*

*Thus, numm'd in the brake,  
Without motion, the snake*

*Sleeps cold winter away;*

*But in every vein*

*Life quickens again*

*On the bosom of May.*

We are not here, I must tell you, as we are in London, where we can have fresh goods every week by the waggon. My maid is again gone aboard the vessel; she is perfectly charm'd with one of the ladies; 'twill be a

credit to you to keep her. I have obligations to you, Mr. *Ducat*, and I would part with her to no man alive but yourself. If I had her at *London*, such a lady would be enough to make my fortune; but, in truth, she is not impudent enough to make herself agreeable to the sailors in a public-house in this country. By all accounts, she hath a behaviour only fit for a private family.

DU CAT.

But how shall I manage matters with my wife?

TRAPES.

Just as the fine gentlemen do with us. We could bring you many great precedents for treating a wife with indifference, contempt, and neglect; but that, indeed, would be running into too high life. I would have you keep some decency, and use her with civility. You should be so obliging as to leave her to her liberties and take them too yourself. Why, all our fine ladies, in that they call pin-money, have no other views; 'tis what they all expect.

DU CAT.

But I am afraid it will be hard to make my wife think like a gentlewoman upon this subject; so that if I take her, I must act prudently, and keep the affair a dead secret.

TRAPES.

As to that, Sir, you may do as you please. Should it ever come to her knowledge, custom and education perhaps may make her at first think it somewhat odd. But this I can affirm with a safe conscience, that many a lady of quality have servants of this kind in their families, and you can afford an expence as well as the best of them.

DU CAT.

I have a fortune, Mrs. *Trapes*, and would fain make a modish figure in life; if we can agree upon the price, I'll take her into the family.



**TRAPES.**  
 I am glad to see you fling yourself into the polite taste with a spirit. Few, indeed, have the turn or talents to get money; but fewer know how to spend it handsomely after they have got it. The elegance of luxury consists in variety, and love requires it as much as any of our appetites and passions, and there is a time of life when a man's appetite ought to be whetted by a delicacy.

**DUCAT.**  
 Nay, Mrs. *Trapes*, now you are too hard upon me. Sure, you cannot think me such a clown as to be really in love with my wife! We are not so ignorant here as you imagine; why, I married her in a reasonable way, only for her money.

**AIR III. Noel Hill.**

*He that weds a beauty*

*Soon will find her cloy;*

*When pleasure grows a duty,*

*Farewel love and joy!*

*He that weds for treasure*

*(Though he both a wife)*

*Hath chose one lasting pleasure*

*In a married life.*

**SCENE II.**

**DUCAT, TRAPES, DAMARIS.**

**DUCAT.**  
*Damaris [calling at the door]* Damaris, I charge you not to stir from the door, and the moment you see your lady at a distance returning from her walk, be sure to give me notice.

**TRAPES.**  
 She is in most charming rigging; she won't cost you

a penny, Sir, in clothes at first setting out. But, a-lack-a-day! no bargain could ever thrive with dry lips: a glass of liquor makes every thing go so glibly.

DUCAT.

Here, *Damaris*; a glass of rum for Mrs. *Dye*.

[*Damaris goes out and returns with a bottle and glass.*]

TRAPES.

But as I was saying, Sir, I would not part with her to any man alive but yourself; for, to be sure, I could turn her to ten times the profit by jobbs and chance customers. Come, Sir, here's to the young lady's health,

### SCENE III.

DUCAT, TRAPES, FLIMZY.

TRAPES.

Well, *Flimzy*; are all the ladies safely landed, and have you done as I order'd you?

FLIMZY.

Yes, madam. The three ladies for the run of the house are safely lodg'd at home; the other is without in the hall to attend your commands. She is a most delicious creature, that's certain. Such lips, such eyes, and such flesh and blood! If you had her in *London*, you could not fail of the custom of all the foreign ministers. As I hope to be saved, madam, I was oblig'd to tell her ten thousand lies, before I could prevail upon her to come with me. Oh, Sir, you are the most lucky, happy man in the world! Shall I go call her in?

TRAPES.

'Tis necessary for me first to instruct her in her duty and the ways of the family. The girl is bashful and modest, so I must ask leave to prepare her by a little private conversation, and afterwards, Sir, I shall leave you to your private conversations.

FLIMZY.

But I hope, Sir, you won't forget poor *Flimzy*; for the richest man alive could not be more scrupulous than I am upon these occasions, and the bribe only can make me excuse it to my conscience. I hope, Sir, you will pardon my freedom. [*He gives her money.*]

AIR IV. Sweet-heart, think upon me.

*My conscience is of courtly mold,*

*Fit for highest station.*

*Where's the hand, when touch'd with gold,*

*Proof against temptation?*

[*Ex. Flimzy.*]

DUCAT.

We can never enough encourage such useful qualifications. You will let me know when you are ready for me.

## SCENE IV.

TRAPES.

TRAPES.

I wonder I am not more wealthy; for, o' my conscience, I have as few scruples as those that are ten thousand times as rich. But, alack-a-day! I am forc'd to play at small game. I now and then betray and ruin an innocent girl. And what of that? Can I in conscience expect to be equally wealthy with those who betray and ruin provinces and countries? In troth, all their great fortunes are owing to situation; as for genius and capacity I can match them to a hair: were they in my circumstance, they would act like me; were I in theirs, I should be rewarded as a most profound penetrating politician.

AIR V. 'Twas within a furlong.

*In pimps and politicians  
The genius is the same;  
Both raise their own conditions  
On others guilt and shame:  
With a tongue well-tipt with lies,  
Each the want of parts supplies,  
And with a heart that's all disguise  
Keeps his schemes unknown.  
Seducing like the devil,  
They play the tempter's part,  
And have, when most they're civil,  
Most mischief in their heart.  
Each a private commerce drives,  
First corrupts and then connives,  
And by his neighbour's vices thrives,  
For they are all his own.*

# SCENE V.

TRAPES, FLIMZY, POLLY.

TRAPES.

Bless my eye-sight! what do I see? am I in a dream,  
or is it miss *Polly Peachum*? mercy upon me! child,  
what brought you on this side of the water?

POLLY.

Love, madam, and the disasters of our family. But  
I am equally surpriz'd to find an acquaintance here;  
you cannot be ignorant of my unhappy story, and per-  
haps from you, Mrs. *Dye*, I may receive some infor-  
mation that may be useful to me.

TRAPES.

You need not be much concern'd, miss *Polly*, at a  
sentence of transportation; for a young lady of your

K



110 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

beauty hath wherewithal to make her fortune in any country.

POLLY.

Pardon me, madam; you mistake me. Though I was educated among the most profligate in low life, I never engag'd in my father's affairs as a thief or a thief-catcher, for indeed I bated his profession. Would my papa had never taken it up, he then still had been alive, and I had never known *Macheath*!

AIR VI. Sortez des vos retraites.

*She who hath felt a real pain  
By Cupid's dart,  
Finds that all absence is in vain  
To heal her heart.  
Though from my lover cast  
Far as from pole to pole,  
Still the pure flame must last,  
For love is in the soul.*

You must have heard, madam, that I was unhappy in my marriage. When *Macheath* was transported, all my peace was banished with him; and my papa's death hath now given me liberty to pursue my inclinations.

TRAPES.

Good lack-a-day! poor Mr. *Peachum*! Death was so much oblig'd to him, that I wonder he did not allow him a reprieve for his own sake. Truly, I think he was oblig'd to no-body more unless the physicians; but they die it seems too. Death is very impartial; he takes all alike, friends and foes.

POLLY.

Every monthly sessions-paper, like the apothecary's files, if I may make the comparison, was a record of his services. But my papa kept company with gentlemen, and ambition is catching. He was in too much haste to be rich. I wish all great men would take

## PART SECOND. III.

warning. 'Tis now seven months since my papa was hang'd.

TRAPES.

This will be a great check indeed to your men of enterprizing genius; and it will be dangerous to push at making a great fortune, if such accidents grow common. But sure, child, you are not so mad as to think of following *Macheath*.

POLLY.

In following him I am in a pursuit of my quiet. I love him, and, like a troubled ghost, shall never be at rest till I appear to him. If I can receive any information of him from you, it will be a cordial to a wretch in despair.

TRAPES.

My dear miss *Polly*, you must not think of it. 'Tis now above a year and a half since he robb'd his master, ran away from the plantation and turn'd pyrate. Then again, what puts you beyond all possibility of redress, is, that since he came over, he married a transported slave, one *Jenny Diver*, and she is gone off with him. You must give over all thoughts of him, for he is a very devil to our sex; not a woman of the greatest vivacity changes her inclinations half so fast as he can. Besides, he would disown you, for like an upstart he hates an old acquaintance. I am sorry to see those tears, child, but I love you too well to flatter you.

POLLY.

Why have I a heart so constant? cruel love!

AIR VII. O Waly, Waly, up the bank.

*Adieu! Adieu! all hope of bliss!*

*For Polly always must be thine.*

*Must then my heart be never his,*

*Which never can again be mine?*

*O love, you play a cruel part,  
Thy dart still festers in the wound;  
You should reward a constant heart,  
Since 'tis, alas, so seldom found!*

TRAPES.

I tell you once again, miss *Polly*. you must think no more of him. You are like a child who is crying after a butterfly that is hopping and fluttering upon every flower in the field; there is not a woman that comes in his way but he must have a taste of; besides there is no catching him. But, my dear girl, I hope you took care, at your leaving *England*, to bring off *where-withal* to support you.

POLLY.

Since he is lost, I am insensible of every other misfortune. I brought indeed a sum of money with me, but my chest was broke open at sea, and I am now a miserable vagabond expos'd to hunger and want, unless charity relieve me.

TRAPES.

Poor child! your father and I have had great dealings together, and I shall be grateful to his memory. I will look upon you as my daughter; you shall be with me.

POLLY.

As soon as I can have remittances from *England*, I shall be able to acknowledge your goodness: I have still five hundred pounds there which will be return'd to me upon demand; but I had rather undertake any honest service that might afford me a maintenance, than be burdensome to my friends.

TRAPES.

Sure never any thing happen'd so luckily! madam *Ducat* just now wants a servant, and I know she will take my recommendation; and one so tight and handy as you must please her: then again, her husband is the civillest, best-bred man alive. You are now in her

house, and I won't leave it, till I have settled you. Be cheerful, my dear child; for who knows but all these misfortunes may turn to your advantage? You are in a rich creditable family, and I dare say your person and carriage will soon make you a favourite. As to captain *Macheath*, you may now safely look upon yourself as a widow, and who knows, if madam *Ducat* should tip off, what may happen? I shall recommend you, miss *Polly*, as a gentlewoman.

AIR VIII. O Jenny, come tye me.

*Despair is but folly;  
Hence, melancholy,  
Fortune attends you while youth is in flower.  
By beauty's possession,  
Us'd with discretion,  
Woman at all times hath joy in her power.*

POLLY.

The service, madam, you offer me, makes me as happy as I can be in my circumstance, and I accept of it with ten thousand obligations.

TRAPES.

Take a turn in the hall with my maid for a minute or two, and I'll take care to settle all matters and conditions for your reception. Be assur'd, miss *Polly*, I'll do my best for you.

SCENE VI.

TRAPES, DUCAT.

TRAPES.

Mr. *Ducat*, Sir, you may come in; I have had this very girl in my eye for you ever since you and I were first acquainted; and to be plain with you, Sir, I have run great risques for her: I had many a stratagem, to be sure, to inveigle her away from her relations! she



114 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

too herself was exceeding difficult. And I can assure you, to ruin a girl of severe education is no small addition to the pleasure of our fine gentlemen. I can be answerable for it too; that you will have the first of her. I am sure I could have dispos'd of her upon the same account for at least a hundred guineas to an alderman of *London*; and then again, I might have had the disposal of her again as soon as she was out of keeping; but you are my friend, and I shall not deal hard with you.

DUCAT.

But if I like her I would agree upon terms beforehand; for should I grow fond of her, I know you have the conscience of other trades-people, and would grow more imposing; and I love to be upon a certainty.

TRAPES.

Sure you cannot think a hundred pistoles too much; I mean for me. I leave her wholly to your generosity. Why your fine men, who never pay any body else, pay their pimps and bawds well; always ready money. I always deal conscientiously, and set the lowest price upon my ladies; when you see her, I am sure you will allow her to be as choice a piece of beauty as ever you laid eyes on.

DUCAT.

But, dear Mrs. *Dye*, a hundred pistoles say you? why I could have half a dozen negro princesses for the price.

TRAPES.

But sure you can never expect to buy a fine handsome Christian at that rate. You are not us'd to see such goods on this side of the water. For the women, like the clothes, are all tarnish'd and half worn out before they are sent hither. Do but cast your eye upon her, Sir; the door stands half open; see, yonder she trips in conversation with my maid *Elinzy* in the hall.

DUCAT.

Why truly I must own she is handsome.

PART SECOND. 115

TRAPES.

Bless me, you are no more mov'd by her than if she were your wife. Handsome! what a cold husband-like expression is that! nay, there is no harm done. If I take her home, I don't question the making more money of her. She was never in any body's house but your own since she was landed. She is pure, as she was imported, without the least adulteration.

DUCAT.

I'll have her. I'll pay you down upon the nail, You shall leave her with me. Come, count your money, Mrs. Dye.

TRAPES.

What a shape is there! she's of the finest growth.

DUCAT.

You make me misfreckon. She even takes off my eyes from gold.

TRAPES.

What a curious pair of sparkling eyes!

DUCAT.

As enlivening as the sun. I have paid you ten.

TRAPES.

What a racy flavour must breathe from those lips!

DUCAT.

I want no provoking commendations. I'm in youth; I'm on fire! twenty more makes it thirty; and this here makes it just fifty.

TRAPES.

What a most inviting complexion! how charming a colour! In short, a fine woman has all the perfections of fine wine, and is a cordial that is ten times as restorative.

DUCAT.

This fifty then makes it just the sum. So now, madam, you may deliver her up.

## SCENE VII.

DUCAT, TRAPES, DAMARIS.

DAMARIS.

Sir, Sir, my mistress is just at the door. [Exit.

DUCAT.

Get you out of the way this moment, dear Mrs. Dye; for I would not have my wife see you. But don't stir out of the house till I am put in possession. I'll get rid of her presently. [Exit Trapes,

## SCENE VIII.

DUCAT, MRS. DUCAT.

MRS. DUCAT.

I can never be out of the way for an hour or so, but you are with that filthy creature. If you were young, and I took liberties, you could not use me worse; you could not, you beastly fellow. Such usage might force the most virtuous woman to repentment. I don't see why the wives in this country should not put themselves upon as easy a foot as in *England*. In short, Mr. Ducat, if you behave yourself like an *English* husband, I will behave myself like an *English* wife.

## AIR IX. Red House.

*I will have my humours, I'll please all senses,  
I will not be flinted—in love or expences.  
I'll dress with profusion, I'll game without measure;  
You shall have the business, I will have the pleasure:  
Thus every day I'll pass my life,  
My home shall be my least resort;  
For sure 'tis fitting that your wife  
Shou'd copy ladies of the court.*

## DUCAT.

All these things I know are natural to your sex, my dear. But husbands like colts are restif, and they require a long time to break them. Besides, 'tis not the fashion, as yet, for husbands to be govern'd in this country. That tongue of yours, my dear, hath not eloquence enough to persuade me out of my reason. A woman's tongue, like a trumpet, only serves to raise my courage.

## AIR X. Old Orpheus tickled, &amp;c.

*When billows come rushing on the strand,  
The rocks are deaf and unshaken stand:  
Old oaks can resist the thunder's roar,  
And I can stand woman's tongue—that's more,  
With a twinkum, twankum, &c.*

With that weapon, women, like pyrates, are at war with the whole world. But I thought, my dear, your pride would have kept you from being jealous. 'Tis the whole business of my life to please you; but wives are like children, the more they are flatter'd and humour'd, the more perverse they are. Here now have I been laying out my money, purely to make you a present, and I have nothing but these freaks and reproaches in return. You wanted a maid, and I have brought you the handiest creature; she will indeed make a very creditable servant.

## MRS. DUCAT.

I will have none of your hussies about me. And so, Sir, you would make me your convenience, your bawd. Out upon it!

## DUCAT.

But I bought her on purpose for you, madam.

## MRS. DUCAT.

For your own filthy inclinations, you mean, I won't bear it. What, keep an impudent harlot under my nose! here's fine doings indeed!



118 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

DUCAT.

I will have the directions of my family. 'Tis my pleasure it shall be so. So, madam, be satisfy'd.

AIR XI. Christ-Church Bells.

*When a woman jealous grows,  
Farewell all peace of life!*

MRS. DUCAT.

*But ere man roves, he should pay what he owes,  
And with her due content his wife.*

DUCAT.

*'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.*

MRS. DUCAT.

*We too, when'er we list, obey.*

DUCAT.

*'Tis just and fit  
You should submit.*

MRS. DUCAT.

*But dear kind husband—not to-day.*

DUCAT.

*Let your clack be still.*

MRS. DUCAT.

*Not till I have my will.*

*If thus you reason slight,*

*There's never an hour*

*While breath has power,*

*But I will assert my right.*

Would I had you in England; I should have all the women there rise in arms in my defence. For the honour and prerogative of the sex, they would not suffer such a precedent of submission. And so, Mr. Ducat, I tell you once again, that you shall keep your strumpets out of the house, or I will not stay in it.

DUCAT.

Lookye, wife; you will be able to bring about nothing by pouting and vapours. I have resolution enough to withstand either obstinacy or stratagem. And

PART SECOND. 139

I will break this jealous spirit of yours before it gets a head. And so, my dear, I order that upon my account you behave yourself to the girl as you ought.

MRS. DUCAT.

I wish you would behave yourself to your wife as you ought; that is to say, with good manners, and compliance. And so, Sir, I leave you and your minx together. I tell you once again, that I would rather die upon the spot, than not to be mistress in my own house. *[Exit in a passion.]*

SCENE IX.

DUCAT, DAMARIS.

DUCAT.

If by these perverse humours, I should be forc'd to part with her, and allow her a separate maintenance; the thing is so common among people of fashion, that it could not prove to my discredit. Family divisions, and matrimonial controversies, are a kind of proof of a man's riches; for the poor people are happy in marriage out of necessity, because they cannot afford to disagree. *Damaris*, saw you my wife? *[Enter Damaris.]* Is she in her own room? What said she? Which way went she?

DAMARIS.

Bless me, I was perfectly frighten'd, she look'd so like a fury! Thank my stars, I never saw her look so before in all my life; tho', mayhap, you may have seen her look so before a thousand times. Woe be to the servants that fall in her way! I'm sure I'm glad to be out of it.

AIR XII. Cheshire-rounds.

*When kings by their buffing  
Have rais'd up a squabble,  
All the charge and cussing  
Light upon the rabble.*

118 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

DU CAT.

I will have the directions of my family. 'Tis my pleasure it shall be so. So, madam, be satisfy'd.

AIR XI. Christ-Church Bells.

*When a woman jealous grows,  
Farewell all peace of life!*

MRS. DUCAT.

*But ere man roves, he should pay what he owes,  
And with her due content his wife.*

DU CAT.

*'Tis man's the weaker sex to sway.*

MRS. DUCAT.

*We too, whene'er we list, obey.*

DU CAT.

*'Tis just and fit  
You should submit.*

MRS. DUCAT.

*But dear kind husband—not to-day.*

DU CAT.

*Let your clack be still.*

MRS. DUCAT.

*Not till I have my will.  
If thus you reason slight,  
There's never an hour  
While breath has power,  
But I will assert my right.*

Would I had you in England; I should have all the women there rise in arms in my defence. For the honour and prerogative of the sex, they would not suffer such a precedent of submission. And so, Mr. Ducat, I tell you once again, that you shall keep your strumpets out of the house, or I will not stay in it.

DU CAT.

Lookye, wife; you will be able to bring about nothing by pouting and vapours. I have resolution enough to withstand either obstinacy or stratagem. And

# PART SECOND. 149

I will break this jealous spirit of yours before it gets a head. And so, my dear, I order that upon my account you behave yourself to the girl as you ought.

MRS. DUCAT.

I wish you would behave yourself to your wife as you ought; that is to say, with good manners, and compliance. And so, Sir, I leave you and your minx together. I tell you once again, that I would rather die upon the spot, than not to be mistress in my own house. *[Exit in a passion.]*

## SCENE IX.

DUCAT, DAMARIS.

DUCAT.

If by these perverse humours, I should be forc'd to part with her, and allow her a separate maintenance; the thing is so common among people of fashion, that it could not prove to my discredit. Family divisions, and matrimonial controversies, are a kind of proof of a man's riches; for the poor people are happy in marriage out of necessity, because they cannot afford to disagree. *Damaris*, saw you my wife? *[Enter Damaris.]* Is she in her own room? What said she? Which way went she?

DAMARIS.

Bless me, I was perfectly frighten'd, she look'd so like a fury! Thank my stars, I never saw her look so before in all my life; tho', mayhap, you may have seen her look so before a thousand times. Woe be to the servants that fall in her way! I'm sure I'm glad to be out of it.

## AIR XII. Cheshire-rounds.

*When kings by their buffing  
Have rais'd up a squabble,  
All the charge and cussing  
Light upon the rabble.*



*Thus when man and wife,  
By their mutual snubbing,  
Kindle civil strife,  
Servants get the drubbing.*

DU CAT.

I would have you, *Damaris*, have an eye upon your mistress. You should have her good at heart, and inform me when she has any schemes afoot; it may be the means to reconcile us.

DAMARIS.

She's wild, Sir. There's no speaking to her. She's flown into the garden! Mercy upon us all, say I! How can you be so unreasonable to contradict a woman, when you know we can't bear it?

DU CAT.

I depend upon you, *Damaris*, for information. You may observe her at a distance; and as soon as she comes into her own room, bring me word. There is the sweetest pleasure in the revenge that I have now in my head! I'll this instant go and take my charge from Mrs. Trapes. [*Aside.*] *Damaris*, you know your instructions. [Exit.

## SCENE X.

DAMARIS.

DAMARIS.

Sure all masters and mistresses, like politicians, judge of the conscience of mankind by their own, and require treachery of their servants as a duty! I am employ'd by my master to watch my mistress, and by my mistress to watch my master. Which party shall I espouse? To be sure my mistress's. For in hers, jurisdiction and power, the common cause of our whole sex, are at

stake. But my master I see is coming this way. I'll avoid him, and make my observations. [Exit.

## SCENE XI.

DUCAT, POLLY.

DUCAT.

Be merry, *Polly*, for your good fortune hath thrown you into a family, where, if you rightly consult your own interest, as every body now-a-days does, you may make yourself perfectly easy. Those eyes of yours, *Polly*, are a sufficient fortune for any woman, if she have but conduct, and knew how to make the most of them.

POLLY.

As I am your servant, Sir, my duty obliges me not to contradict you; and I must hear your flattery, tho' I know myself undeserving. But sure, Sir, in handsome women, you must have observ'd that their hearts often oppose their interest; and beauty certainly has undone more women than it has made happy.

AIR XIII. The bush a-boon Traquair.

*The crow or daw thro' all the year*

*No fowler seeks to ruin;*

*But birds of voice or feather rare*

*He's all day-long pursuing.*

*Beware, fair maids; so scape the net*

*That other beauties fell in;*

*For sure at heart was never yet*

*So great a wretch as Helen!*

If my lady, Sir, will let me know my duty, gratitude will make me study to please her.

DUCAT.

I have a mind to have a little conversation with you, and I would not be interrupted. [bars the door.

L

POLLY.

I wish, Sir, you would let me receive my lady's commands.

DUCAT.

And so, *Polly*, by these downcast looks of yours you would have me believe you don't know you are handsome, and that you have no belief in your looking-glass. Why, every pretty woman studies her face, and a looking-glass to her is what a book is to a pedant; she is poring upon it all day-long. In troth, a man can never know how much love is in him by conversations with his wife. A kiss on those lips would make me young again. *[Kisses her.]*

## AIR XIV. Bury Fair.

POLLY.

*How can you be so teasing?*

DUCAT.

*Love will excuse my fault.*

*How can you be so pleasing?*

*[going to kiss her.]*

POLLY.

*I vow I'll not be naught.*

DUCAT.

*All maids I know at first resist.*

*[struggling.]*

*A master may command.*

POLLY.

*You're monstrous rude; I'll not be kiss'd:*

*Nay, fie, let go my hand.*

DUCAT.

*'Tis silly pride——*

POLLY.

*'Tis vile, 'tis base*

*Poor innocence to wrong;*

DUCAT.

*I'll force you.*

POLLY.

*Guard me from disgrace.*

*You find that virtue's strong. [pushing him away.]*

PART SECOND. 123

'Tis cruel in you, Sir, to take the occasion of my necessities to insult me.

DUCAT.

Nay, hussy, I'll give you money.

POLLY.

I despise it. No, Sir, tho' I was born and bred in England, I can dare to be poor, which is the only thing now-a-days men are ashamed of.

DUCAT.

I shall humble these impudent airs of your's, Mrs. Minx. Is this language from a servant! from a slave!

POLLY.

Am I then betray'd and sold!

DUCAT.

Yes, hussy, that you are; and as legally my property, as any woman is her husband's, who sells herself in matrimony.

POLLY.

Climates that change constitutions have no effect upon manners. What a profligate is that *Trapes*!

DUCAT.

Your fortune, your happiness depends upon your compliance. What, proof against a bribe! Sure, hussy, you belye your country, or you must have had a very vulgar education. 'Tis unnatural.

AIR XV. Bobbing Joan.

*Maids like courtiers must be woo'd,  
Most by flattery are subdu'd;  
Some capricious, coy or nice,  
Out of pride delay the vice;  
But they fall,  
One and all,  
When we bid up to their price.*

Besides, hussy, your consent may make me your slave; there's power to tempt you into the bargain. You must be more than woman if you can stand that too.



POLLY.

Sure you only mean to try me ! but 'tis cruel to trifle with my distresses.

DUCAT.

I'll have none of these airs. 'Tis impertinent in a servant to have scruples of any kind. I hire honour, conscience and all, for I will not be serv'd by halves. And so, to be plain with you, you perverse slut, you shall either contribute to my pleasure or my profit ; and if you refuse play in the bed-chamber, you shall go work in the fields among the planters. I hope now I have explain'd myself.

POLLY.

My freedom may be lost, but you cannot rob me of my virtue and integrity : and whatever is my lot, having that, I shall have the comfort of hope, and find pleasure in reflection.

AIR XVI. A Swain long tortur'd with disdain.

*Can I or toil or hunger fear ?*

*For love's a pain that's more severe.*

*The slave, with virtue in his breast,*

*Can wake in peace, and sweetly rest.*

But love, when unfortunate, the more virtuous it is, the more it suffers.

[Aside.

DUCAT.

What noise is that ?

DAMARIS.

[Without] Sir, Sir.

DUCAT.

Step into the closet ; I'll call you out immediately to present you to my wife. Don't let bashfulness ruin your fortune. The next opportunity I hope you will be better dispos'd.

[Exit Polly.

DAMARIS.

Open the door, Sir. This moment, this moment.

## SCENE XII.

DUCAT, DAMARIS, SERVANTS, MRS.

DUCAT, *etc.*

DUCAT.

What's the matter? Was any body going to ravish you? Is the house on fire? Or my wife in a passion?

DAMARIS.

O Sir, the whole country is in an uproar! The pirates are all coming down upon us; and if they should raise the militia, you are an officer, you know. I hope you have time enough to throw up your commission.

*Enter 1st FOOTMAN.*

1st FOOTMAN.

The neighbours, Sir, are all frightened out of their wits; they leave their houses, and fly to yours for protection. Where's my lady, your wife? Heaven grant, they have not taken her!

DUCAT.

If they only took what one could spare.

1st FOOTMAN.

That's true, there were no great harm done.

DUCAT.

How are the muskets?

1st FOOTMAN.

Rusty, Sir, all rusty and peaseable! For we never clean them but against training-day.

DAMARIS.

Then, Sir, your honour is safe, for now you have a good excuse against fighting.

*Enter 2d FOOTMAN.*

2d FOOTMAN.

The Indians, Sir, with whom we are in alliance, are all in arms; there will be bloody work, to be sure.

I hope they will decide the matter before we can get ready.

*Enter MRS. DUCAT.*

MRS. DUCAT.

O dear husband, I'm frighten'd to death! What will become of us all! I thought a punishment for your wicked lewdness would light upon you at last.

DUCAT.

Presence of mind, my dear, is as necessary in dangers as courage.

DAMARIS.

But you are too rich to have courage. You should fight by deputy. 'Tis only for poor people to be bold and desperate, who cannot afford to live.

*Enter MAIDS, etc. one after another.*

1st MAID.

The pyrates, Sir, the pyrates! Mercy upon us, what will become of us poor helpless women!

2d MAID.

We shall all be ravish'd.

1st OLD WOMAN.

All be ravish'd!

2d OLD WOMAN.

Ay to be sure, we shall be ravish'd; all be ravish'd!

1st OLD WOMAN.

But if fortune will have it so, patience is a virtue, and we must undergo it.

2d OLD WOMAN.

Ay, for certain we must all bear it, Mrs. Damaris.

3d FOOTMAN.

A soldier, Sir, from the Indian camp, desires admittance. He's here, Sir.

*Enter INDIAN.*

INDIAN.

I come, Sir, to the English colony, with whom we

PART SECOND. 125

are in alliance, from the mighty king *Pabetabee*, my lord and master, and address myself to you, as you are of the council for supplies. The pyrates are ravaging and plund'ring the country, and we are now in arms, ready for battle, to oppose them.

DUCAT.

Does *Macheath* command the enemy?

INDIAN.

Report says he is dead. Above twelve moons are pass'd since we heard of him. *Morano*, a Negro villain, is their chief, who in rapine and barbarities is even equal to him.

DUCAT.

I shall inform the council, and we shall soon be ready to join you. So acquaint the king your master.

[Exit Indian.]

AIR XVII. March in *Scipio*.

Brave boys, prepare. [To the men.]

Ab! cease, fond wife, to cry. [To her.]

SERVANT.

For when the danger's near,

We've time enough to fly.

MRS. DUCAT.

How can you be disgrac'd!

For wealth secures your fame.

SERVANT.

The rich are always plac'd

Above the sense of shame.

MRS. DUCAT.

Let honour spur the slave,

To fight for fighting's sake:

DUCAT.

But even the rich are brave

When money is at stake.

Be satisfy'd, my dear, I shall be prudent. My servants here will take care that I be not over-rash, for



128 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

their wages depend upon me. But before I go to council—come hither, *Polly*; I intreat you, wife, to take her into your service. [*Enter Polly.*] And use her civilly. Indeed, my dear, your suspicions are entirely groundless and unreasonable.

MRS. DUCAT.

I hate to have a handsome wench about me. They are always so saucy!

DUCAT.

Women, by their jealousies, put one in mind of doing that which otherwise we should never think of. Why, you are a proof, my dear, that a handsome woman may be honest.

MRS. DUCAT.

I find you can say a civil thing to me still.

DUCAT.

Affairs, you see, call me hence. And so I leave her under your protection.

SCENE XIII.

MRS. DUCAT, DAMARIS.

MRS. DUCAT.

Away, into the other room again. When I want you, I'll call you. [*Exit Polly.*] Well, *Damaris*, to be sure you have observ'd all that has pass'd. I will know all. I'm certain she's a hussy.

DAMARIS.

Nay, madam, I can't say so much. But—

MRS. DUCAT.

But what?

DAMARIS.

I hate to make mischief.

AIR XVIII. Jig-it-e-Foot.

*Better to doubt*

*All that's doing,*

*Than to find out*

*Proofs of ruin.*

PART SECOND. 129

*What servants hear and see  
Should they tattle,  
Marriage all day would be  
Fars and battle.*

A servant's legs and hands should be under your command, but, for the sake of quiet; you should leave their tongues to their own discretion.

MRS. DUCAT.

I vow, *Damaris*, I will know it.

DAMARIS.

To be sure, madam, the door was bolted, and I could only listen. There was a kind of a bustle between them, that's certain. What pass I know not. But the noise they made, to my thinking, did not sound very honest.

MRS. DUCAT.

Noises that did not sound very honest, said you?

DAMARIS.

Nay, madam, I am a maid, and have no experience. If you had heard them, you would have been a better judge of the matter.

MRS. DUCAT.

An impudent slut! I'll have her before me. If she be not a thorough profligate, I shall make a discovery by her behaviour. Go call her to me.

*[Exit Damaris, and returns.]*

SCENE XIV.

MRS. DUCAT, DAMARIS, POLLY.

MRS. DUCAT.

In my own house! Before my face! I'll have you sent to the house of correction, strumpet. By that over-honest look, I guess her to be a horrid jade. A mere hypocrite, that is perfectly white-wash'd with innocence. My blood rises at the sight of all strumpets, for they are smugglers in love, that ruin us fair traders in matri-

mony. Look upon me, Mrs. Brazen. She has no sense of shame. She is so us'd to impudence, that she has not a blush within her. Do you know, madam, that I am Mr. Ducat's wife?

POLLY.

As your servant, madam, I think myself happy.

MRS. DUCAT.

You know Mr. Ducat, I suppose. She has beauty enough to make any woman alive hate her.

AIR XIX. Trumpet Minuet.

*Abroad after misses most husbands will roam,  
Tho' sure they find woman sufficient at home.  
To be not'd by a strumpet! Hence, buffy, you'd best.  
Would he give me my due, I wou'd give her the rest.*

I protest I had rather have a thief in my house. For to be sure she is that besides.

POLLY.

If you were acquainted with my misfortunes, madam, you could not insult me.

MRS. DUCAT.

What does the wench mean?

DAMARIS.

There's not one of these common creatures, but, like common beggars, hath a moving story at her finger ends, which they tell over, when they are maudlin, to their lovers. I had a sweetheart, madam, who was a rake, and I know their ways very well, by hearsay.

POLLY.

What-villains are hypocrites! For they rob those of relief, who are in real distress. I know what it is to be unfortunate in marriage.

MRS. DUCAT.

Married!

POLLY.

Unhappily.

## PART SECOND. 135

MRS. DUCAT.

When, where, to whom?

POLLY.

If woman can have faith in woman, may my words find belief. Protestations are to be suspected, so I shall use none. If truth can prevail, I know you will pity me.

MRS. DUCAT.

Her manner and behaviour are so particular, that is to say, so sincere, that I must hear her story. Unhappily married! that is a misfortune not to be remedied.

POLLY.

A constant woman hath but one chance to be happy; an inconstant woman, tho' she hath no chance to be very happy, can never be very unhappy.

DAMARIS.

Believe me, Mrs. Polly, as to pleasures of all kinds, 'tis a much more agreeable way to be inconstant.

AIR XX. *Polwart on the Green.*

*Love now is nought but art,  
'Tis who can juggle best;  
To all men seem to give your heart.  
But keep it in your breast.  
What gain and pleasure do we find,  
Who change whene'er we list!  
The mill that turns with every wind  
Must bring the owner grist.*

POLLY.

My case, madam, may in these times be look'd upon as singular; for I married a man only because I lov'd him. For this I was looked upon as a fool by all my acquaintance; I was us'd barbarously by my father and mother; and to compleat my misfortunes, my husband, by his wild behaviour, incurr'd the sentence



of the law, and was separated from me by banishment. Being inform'd he was in this country, upon the death of my father and mother, with most of my small fortune, I came here to seek him.

MRS. DUCAT.

But how then fell you into the hands of that consummate bawd, *Trapes*?

POLLY.

In my voyage, madam, I was robb'd of all I had. Upon my landing in a strange country, and in want, I was found out by this barbarous woman, who had been an acquaintance of my father's: she offered me at first the civilities of her own house. When she was inform'd of my necessities, she propos'd to me the service of a lady; of which I readily accepted. 'Twas under that pretence that she treacherously sold me to your husband as a mistress. This, madam, is in short the whole truth. I throw myself at your feet for protection. By relieving me, you make yourself easy.

MRS. DUCAT.

What is't you propose?

POLLY.

In conniving at my escape, you save me from your husband's worrying me with threats and violence, and at the same time quiet your own fears and jealousies. If it is ever in my power, madam, with gratitude I will repay you my ransom.

DAMARIS.

Besides, madam, you will effectually revenge yourself upon your husband; for the loss of the money he paid for her will touch him to the quick.

MRS. DUCAT.

But have you consider'd what you ask? We are invaded by the pyrates; the *Indians* are in arms; the whole country is in commotion, and you will every where be expos'd to danger.

DAMARIS.

Get tid of her at any rate. For such is the vanity

of man, that when once he has begun with a woman, out of pride he will insist upon his point.

POLLY.

In staying with you, madam, I make two people unhappy. And I chuse to bear my own misfortunes, without being the cause of another's.

MRS. DUCAT.

If I let her escape before my husband's return, he will imagine she got off by the favour of this bustle and confusion.

POLLY.

May heaven reward your charity.

MRS. DUCAT.

A woman so young and so handsome must be expos'd to continual dangers. I have a suit of cloths by me of my nephew's, who is dead. In a man's habit you will run fewer risques. I'll assist you too for the present with some money; and, as a traveller, you may with greater safety make enquiries after your husband.

POLLY.

How shall I ever make a return for so much goodness?

MRS. DUCAT.

May love reward your constancy. As for that treacherous monster *Trapes*, I will deliver her into the hands of the magistrate. Come, *Damaris*, let us this instant equip her for her adventures.

DAMARIS.

When she is out of the house, without doubt, madam, you will be more easy. And I wish she may be so too.

POLLY.

May virtue be my protection; for I feel within me hope, cheerfulness, and resolution.

## AIR XXI. St. Martin's Lane.

*As pilgrims thro' devotion  
To some shrine pursue their way,  
They tempt the stormy ocean,  
And thro' deserts stray.  
With zeal their hope desiring,  
The saint their breast inspiring,  
With cheerful air,  
And void of fear,  
They every danger bear.  
Thus equal zeal possessing,  
I seek my only blessing.  
O love, my honest vow regard!  
My truth protect,  
My steps direct,  
His flight detect,  
A faithful wife reward.*

[Exit.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The View of an Indian Country.**POLLY in Boy's Cloths.*

AIR XXII. La Villanella.

*WHY did you spare him,  
 O'er seas to bear him,  
 Far from his home, and constant bride?  
 When papa 'peach'd him,  
 If death had reach'd him,  
 I then had only sigh'd, wept, and dy'd!*

If my directions are right, I cannot be far from the village. With the habit, I must put on the courage and resolution of a man; for I am every where encompass'd with danger. By all I can learn of these pyrates, my dear *Macheath* is not of the crew. Perhaps, I may hear of him among the slaves of the next plantation. How sultry is the day! the cool of this shade will refresh me. I am jaded too with reflection. How restless is love! [*Music, two or three bars of the dead march.*] My imagination follows him every where, would my feet were as swift. The world then could not conceal him from me. [*two or three bars more*] Yet even thought is now bewilder'd in pursuing him. [*two or three bars more*] I'm tir'd, I'm faint. [*the Symphony.*]



AIR XXIII. Dead march in *Coriolanus*.

Sleep, O sleep,  
 With thy rod of incantation,  
 Charm my imagination.  
 Then, only then, I leave to weep.  
 By thy power,

The virgin, by time o'ertaken,  
 For years forlorn, forsaken,  
 Enjoys the happy hour.

What's to sleep?  
 'Tis a visionary blessing;  
 A dream that's past expressing;  
 Our outmost wish possessing;  
 So may I ever keep.

[falls asleep.]

## SCENE II.

CAPSTERN, HACKER, CULVERIN, LAGUERRE,  
 CUTLACE. POLLY asleep in a distant part of the  
 stage.

HACKER.

We shall find but a cold reception from *Morano*, if  
 we return without either booty or intelligence.

CULVERIN,

A man of invention hath always intelligence ready.  
 I hope, we are not exempted from the privilege of tra-  
 vellers.

CAPSTERN.

If we had got booty, you know we had resolv'd to  
 agree in a lye. And, gentleman, we will not have  
 our diligence and duty call'd in question for that which  
 every common servant has at his fingers end for his  
 justification.

LAGUERRE.

Alack, gentlemen, we are not such bunglers in love

or politics, but we must know that either to gain favour or keep it, no man ever speaks what he thinks, but what is convenient.

## AIR XXIV. Three Sheep-skins.

CUTLACE.

*Of all the sins that are money-supplying;  
Consider the world, 'tis past all denying,  
With all sorts,  
In towns or courts,  
The richest sin is lying.*

CULVERIN.

Fatigue, gentlemen, should have refreshment. No man is requir'd to do more than his duty. Let us repose ourselves a-while. A sup or two of our cag would quicken invention.

*[They sit and drink.]*

ALL.

Agreed.

HACKER.

I had always a genius for ambition. Birth and education cannot keep it under. Our profession is great, brothers. What can be more heroic than to have declared war with the whole world?

CULVERIN.

'Tis a pleasure to me to recollect times past, and to observe by what steps a genius will push his fortune.

HACKER.

Now as to me, brothers, mark you me. After I had rubb'd through my youth with variety of adventures, I was prefer'd to be footman to an eminent gamester, where, after having improv'd myself by his manners and conversation, I left him, betook myself to his politer profession, and cheated like a gentleman. For some time I kept a *Pharaon*-bank with success, but unfortunately in a drunken bout was stript by a more expert brother of the trade. I was now, as 'tis com-

mon with us upon these occasions, forc'd to have recourse to the highway for a recruit to set me up; but making the experiment once too often, I was try'd, and receiv'd sentence; but got off for transportation. Which hath made me the man I am.

LAGUERRE.

From a footman I grew to be a pimp to a person of quality. Considering I was for some time in that employment, I look upon myself as particularly unlucky, that I then mis'd making my fortune. But to give him his due, only his death could have prevented it. Upon this, I betook myself to another service, where my wages not being sufficient for my pleasures, I robb'd my master, and retir'd to visit foreign parts.

CAPSTERN.

Now, you must know, I was a drawer of one of the fashionable taverns, and of consequence was daily in the politest conversations. Tho' I say it, no body was better bred. I often cheated my master, and as a dutiful servant, now and then cheated for him. I had always my gallantries with the ladies that the lords and gentlemen brought to our house. I was ambitious too of a gentleman's profession, and turn'd gamester. Tho' I had great skill and no scruples, my play would not support my expences: so that now and then I was forc'd to rob with pistols too. So I also owe my rank in the world to transportation.

CULVERIN.

Our chief, *Morano*, brothers, had never been the man he is, had he not been train'd up in *England*. He has told me, that from his infancy he was the favourite page of a lady. He had a genius too above service, and, like us, ran into higher life. And, indeed, in manners and conversation, tho' he is black, no body has more the air of a great man.

HACKER.

He is too much attach'd to his pleasures. That

PART SECOND. 139

mistress of his is a clog to his ambition. She's an ar-  
rant *Gleopatra*.

LA GUERRE.

If it were not for her, the *Indians* would be our own.

AIR XXV. Rigadoon.

*By women won,  
We're all undone,  
Each girl hath a Syren's charms.  
The lover's deeds  
Are good or ill,  
As whim succeeds  
In woman's will:  
Resolution is lull'd in her arms.*

HACKER.

A man in love is no more to be depended on than a  
man in liquor, for he is out of himself.

AIR XXVI. Ton humeur est Catharine.

*Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean,  
Who her pathless ways can find?  
Every blast directs her motion,  
Now she's angry, now she's kind.  
What a fool's the vent'rous lover,  
Whirl'd and toss'd by every wind!  
Can the bark the port recover  
When the foolish pilot's blind?*

HACKER.

A good horse is never turn'd loose among mares,  
till all his good deeds are over. And really your he-  
roes should be serv'd the same way; for after they take  
to women, they have no good deeds to come. That  
inveigling gipsy, brothers, must be hawl'd from him by  
force. And then—the kingdom of *Mexico* shall be  
mine. My lot shall be the kingdom of *Mexico*.



CAPSTERN.

Who talks of *Mexico*? [*all rise.*] I'll never give it up. If you survive me, brother, and I die without heirs, I'll leave it to you for a legacy. I hope now you are satisfy'd. I have set my heart upon it, and no body shall dispute it with me.

LAGUERRE.

The island of *Cuba*, methinks, brother, might satisfy any reasonable man.

CULVERIN.

That I had allotted for you. *Mexico* shall not be parted with without my consent; captain *Morano* to be sure will choose *Peru*; that's the country of gold, and all your great men love gold. *Mexico* hath only silver, nothing but silver. Governor of *Cartagena*, brother, is a pretty snug employment. That I shall not dispute with you.

CAPSTERN.

Death, Sir,—I shall not part with *Mexico* so easily.

HACKER.

Nor I.

CULVERIN.

Nor I.

LAGUERRE.

Nor I.

CULVERIN.

Nor I.

HACKER.

Draw then, and let the survivor take it.

[*They fight.*]

POLLY.

Bless me, what noise was that! Clashing of swords and fighting! Which way shall I fly, how shall I escape?

CAPSTERN.

Hold, hold, gentlemen, let us decide our pretensions some other time. I see booty. A prisoner. Let us seize him.

# PART SECOND. 141

CULVERIN.

From him we will extort both ransom and intelligence.

POLLY.

Spare my life, gentlemen. If you are the men I take you for, I fought you to share your fortunes.

HACKER.

Why, who do you take us for, friend?

POLLY.

For those bold spirits, those *Alexanders*, that shall soon by conquest be in possession of the *Indies*.

LAGUERRE.

A mettled young fellow.

CAPSTERN.

He speaks with respect too, and gives us our titles.

CULVERIN.

Have you heard of captain *Morano*?

POLLY.

I came hither in meer ambition to serve under him.

AIR XXVII. Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.

*I hate those coward tribes,  
Who by mean sneaking bribes,  
By cheats and disguise,  
By flattery and lies,  
To power and grandeur rise.*

*Like heroes of old  
You are greatly bold,  
The sword your cause supports.*

*Untaught to fawn,  
You ne'er were drawn  
Your truth to pawn  
Among the spawn,  
Who practise the frauds of courts.*

I would willingly choose the more honourable way of making a fortune.

HACKER.

The youth speaks well. Can you inform us, my lad, of the disposition of the enemy? Have the *Indians* join'd the factory? We should advance towards them immediately. Who knows but they may side with us? Perhaps they may like our tyranny better.

POLLY.

I am a stranger, gentlemen, and entirely ignorant of the affairs of this country: but in the most desperate undertaking, I am ready to risque your fortunes.

HACKER.

Who, and what are you, friend!

POLLY.

A young fellow, who has genteelly run out his fortune with a spirit, and would now with more spirit retrieve it.

CULVERIN.

The lad may be of service. Let us carry him before *Morano*, and leave him to his disposal.

POLLY.

Gentlemen, I thank you.

## AIR XXVIII. Minuet.

CULVERIN.

*Cheer up, my lads, let us push on the fray,  
For battles, like women, are lost by delay.  
Let us seize victory while in our power;  
Alike war and love have their critical hour.  
Our hearts brave and steady  
Should always be ready,  
So, think war a widow, a kingdom the dower.*

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

*Another Country prospect.*

MORANO, JENNY.

MORANO.

Sure, hussy, you have more ambition and more vanity than to be serious in persuading me to quit my conquests. Where is the woman who is not fond of title? And one bold step more may make you a queen, you gipsy. Think of that.

AIR XXIX. Mirleton.

*When I'm great, and full of treasure,**Check'd by neither fear or shame,**You shall tread a round of pleasure,**Morning, noon, and night the same.**With a Mirleton, etc.**Like a city wife or beauty**You shall flutter life away;**And shall know no other duty,**But to dress, eat, drink, and play.**With a Mirleton, etc.*

When you are a queen, Jenny, you shall keep your coach and six, and shall game as deep as you please. So, there's the two chief ends of woman's ambition satisfy'd.

AIR XXX. Sawny was tall, and of noble race.

*Shall I not be bold when honour calls?**You've a soul that would upbraid me then.*

JENNY.

*But, ah, I fear, if my hero falls,**Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again.*



MORANO.

*To please their wives fond tradesmen cheat;  
I conquer but to make thee great.*

JENNY.

*But if my hero falls,—ah then  
Thy Jenny shall ne'er know pleasure again!*

MORANO.

Insinuating creature! but you must own, *Jenny*, you have had convincing proofs of my fondness; and if you were reasonable in your love, you should have some regard to my honour, as well as my person.

JENNY.

Have I ever betray'd you, since you took me to yourself? That's what few women can say, who ever were trusted.

MORANO.

In love, *Jenny*, you cannot out-do me. Was it not entirely for you that I disguis'd myself as a black, to screen myself from women who laid claim to me where-ever I went? Is not the rumour of my death, which I purposely spread, believ'd thro' the whole country? *Macheath* is dead to all the world but you. Not one of the crew have the least suspicion of me.

JENNY.

But, dear captain, you would not, sure, persuade me that I have all of you. For tho' women cannot claim you, you now and then lay claim to other women. But my jealousy was never teasing or vexatious. You will pardon me, my dear.

MORANO.

Now you are foolish, *Jenny*. Pr'ythee—poh! nature, girl, is not to be corrected at once. What do you propose? What would you have me do? Speak out, let me know your mind.

JENNY.

Know when you are well.

MORANO.

Explain yourself; speak your thoughts freely.

JENNY.

You have a competence in your power. Rob the crew, and steal off to *England*. Believe me, captain, you will be rich enough to be respected by your neighbours.

MORANO.

Your opinion of me startles me. For I never in my life was treacherous but to women; and you know men of the nicest punctilio make nothing of that.

JENNY.

Look round among all the snug fortunes that are made, and you will find most of them were secur'd by a prudent retreat. Why will you bar yourself from the customs of the times?

AIR XXXI. *Northern Nancy.*

*How many men have found the skill*

*Of power and wealth acquiring?*

*But sure there's a time to stint the will,*

*And the judgment is in retiring.*

*For to be displac'd,*

*And to be disgrac'd,*

*Is the end of too high aspiring.*

Enter SAILOR.

SAILOR.

Sir, Lieutenant *Vanderbluff* desires to speak with you. And he hopes your honour will give him the hearing.

[Exit.

MORANO.

Leave me, *Jenny*, for a few minutes. Perhaps he would speak with me in private.

JENNY.

Think of my advice before it is too late. By this kiss I beg it of you.

[Exit.

N

## SCENE IV.

MORANO, VANDERBLUFF.

VANDERBLUFF.

For shame, captain; what, fetter'd in the arms of a woman, when your honour and glory are all at stake! while a man is grappling with these gillflirts, pardon the expression, captain, he runs his reason a-ground; and there must be a wondrous deal of labour to set it afloat again.

AIR XXXII. Amante fuggite cadente belta.

*Fine women are devils compleat in their way,  
They always are roving and cruising for prey.  
When we flounce in their book, their views they obtain,  
Like those too their pleasure is giving us pain.*

Pardon my plain speaking, captain; a boatswain must swear in a storm, and a man must speak plain, when he sees foul weather a-head of us.

MORANO.

D'you think me like the wheat-ear, only fit for sunshine, who cannot bear the least cloud over him? No, Vanderbluff, I have a heart that can face a tempest of dangers. Your blust'ring will but make me obstinate. You seem frighten'd, lieutenant.

VANDERBLUFF.

From any body but you, that speech should have had another guess answer than words. Death, captain, are not the *Indies* in dispute? an hour's delay may make their hands too many for us. Give the word, captain, this hand shall take the *Indian* king pris'ner, and keel-hawl him afterwards, till I make him discover his gold. I have known you hazard your life for a less prize.

MORANO.

Are *Hacker, Culverin, Capstern, Laguerre*, and the

PART SECOND. 147

rest, whom we sent out for intelligence, return'd, that you are under this immediate alarm?

VANDERBLUFF.

No, Sir; but from the top of yon' hill, I myself saw the enemy putting themselves in order of battle.

MORANO.

But we have nothing at all to fear; for we have still a safe retreat to our ships.

VANDERBLUFF.

To our women, you mean. Furies! you talk like one. If our captain is bewitch'd, shall we be be-devil'd, and lose the footing we have got? [Draws.

MORANO.

Take care, lieutenant. This language may provoke me. I fear no man. I fear nothing, and that you know. Put up your cutlase, lieutenant, for I will not ruin our cause by a private quarrel.

VANDERBLUFF.

Noble captain, I ask pardon.

MORANO.

A brave man should be cool till action, lieutenant; when danger presses us, I am always ready. Be satisfied, I'll take my leave of my wife, and then take the command.

VANDERBLUFF.

That's what you can never do till you have her leave. She is but just gone from you, Sir. See her not; hear her not; the breath of a woman has ever prov'd a contrary wind to great actions.

MORANO.

I tell you I will see her. I have got rid of many a woman in my time, and you may trust me.

VANDERBLUFF.

With any woman but her. The husband that is govern'd is the only man that never finds out that he is so.

MORANO.

This then, lieutenant, shall try my resolution. In



148 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

the mean time, send out parties and scouts to watch the motions of the *Indians*.

AIR XXXIII. Since all the world's turn'd upside  
down.

*Tho' different passions rage by turns,*

*Within my breast fermenting;*

*Now blazes love, now honour burns,*

*I'm here, I'm there consenting.*

*I'll each obey, so keep my oath,*

*That oath by which I won her;*

*With truth and steddiness in both,*

*I'll act like a man of honour.*

Doubt me not, lieutenant. But I'll now go with you, to give the necessary commands, and after that return to take my leave before the battle.

SCENE V.

MORANO, VANDERBLUFF, JENNY, CAPSTERN,  
CULVERIN, HACKER, LAGUERRE, POLLY.

JENNY.

*Hacker, Sir, and the rest of the party, are return'd with a prisoner. Perhaps from him you may learn some intelligence that may be useful. See, here they are.——A pretty sprightly young fellow! I like him.* [Aside.

VANDERBLUFF.

What cheer, my lads? has fortune sent you a good prize!

JENNY.

He seems some wealthy planter's son.

VANDERBLUFF.

In the common practice of commerce you should never slip an opportunity, and for his ransom, no doubt, there will be room for comfortable extortion.

MORANO.

Hath he inform'd you of any thing that may be of service? where pick'd you him up? whence is he?

HACKER.

We found him upon the road. He is a stranger it seems in these parts. And as our heroes generally set out, extravagance, gaming, and debauchery, have qualify'd him for a brave man.

MORANO.

What are you, friend?

POLLY.

A young fellow, who hath been robb'd by the world; and I came on purpose to join you, to rob the world by way of retaliation. An open war with the whole world is brave and honourable. I hate the clandestine pilfering war that is practis'd among friends and neighbours in civil societies. I would serve, Sir.

## AIR XXXIV. Hunt the Squirrel.

*The world is ever jarring;*

*This is pursuing*

*T'other man's ruin,*

*Friends with friends are warring,*

*In a false cowardly way.*

*Spurr'd on by emulations,*

*Tongues are engaging,*

*Calumny, raging,*

*Murders reputations,*

*Envy stirs up the fray.*

*Thus, with burning hate,*

*Each, returning hate,*

*Wounds and robs his friends.*

*In civil life,*

*Even man and wife*

*Squabble for selfish ends.*

JENNY.

He really is a mighty clever man. [Aside.]

VANDERBLUFF.

The lad promises well, and has just notions of the world.

MORANO.

Whatever other great men do, I love to encourage merit. The youth pleases me; and if he answers in action—d'you hear, my lad?—your fortune is made. Now, lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, I am for you.

VANDERBLUFF.

Discipline must not be neglected.

MORANO.

When every thing is settled, my dear *Jenny*, I will return to take my leave. After that, young gentleman, I shall try your mettle. In the mean time, *Jenny*, I leave you to sift him with farther questions. He has liv'd in the world, you find, and may have learnt to be treacherous.

## S C E N E VI.

JENNY, POLLY.

JENNY.

How many women have you ever ruin'd, young spark!

POLLY.

I have been ruin'd by women, madam. But I think indeed a man's fortune cannot be more honourably dispos'd of; for those have always a kind of claim to their protection, who have been undone in their service.

JENNY.

Were you ever in love?

POLLY.

With the sex.

JENNY.

Had you never a woman in love with you?

POLLY.

All the women that ever I knew were mercenary.

JENNY. But sure you cannot think all women so.

POLLY.

Why not as well as all men? The manners of courts are catching.

JENNY.

If you have found only such usage, a generous woman can the more oblige you. Why so bashful, young gentleman? You don't look as if you would revenge yourself on the sex.

POLLY.

I lost my impudence with my fortune. Poverty keeps down assurance.

JENNY.

I am a plain spoken woman, as you may find, and I own I like you. And let me tell you, to be my favourite may be your best step to preferment.

AIR XXXV. Young Damon once the loveliest swain.

*In love and life the present use,*

*One hour we grant, the next refuse;*

*Who then would risque a nay?*

*Were lovers wise they would be kind,*

*And in our eyes the moment find;*

*For only then they may.*

Like other women I shall run to extremes. If you won't make me love you, I shall hate you. There never was a man of true courage, who was a coward in love. Sure you are not afraid of me, stripling? *[taking Polly by the hand.]*

POLLY.

I know you only rally me. Respect, madam, keeps me in awe.

JENNY.

By your expression and behaviour, one would think I were your wife. If so, I may make use of her liberties, and do what I please without shame or restraint.



152 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

[*Kisses her.*] Such rallery as this, my dear, requires replication.

POLLY.

You'll excuse me then, madam. [*Kisses her.*]

JENNY.

What, my cheek! let me dye, if by your kifs, I should not take you for my brother or my father.

POLLY. I must put on more assurance, or I shall be discover'd. [*Aside.*] Nay then, madam, if a woman will allow me liberties, they are never flung away upon me. If I am too rude — [*Kisses her.*]

JENNY.

A woman never forgives the contrary fault.

AIR XXXVI. Catharine Ogye.

*We never blame the forward swain,*

*Who puts us to the trial.*

POLLY.

*I know you first would give me pain,*

*Then baulk me with denial.*

JENNY.

*What mean we then by being try'd?*

POLLY.

*With scorn and slight to use us.*

*Most beauties, to indulge their pride,*

*Seem kind but to refuse us.*

JENNY.

Come then, my dear, let us take a walk in yonder grove. A woman never shews her pride but before witnesses.

POLLY.

How shall I get rid of this affair? [*Aside.*] *Morano* may surprize us.

JENNY.

That is more a wife's concern. Consider, young man, if I have put myself in your power, you are in mine.

# PART SECOND. 1153

POLLY.

We may have more easy and safe opportunities. Besides, I know, madam, you are not serious!

JENNY.

To a man who loses one opportunity, we never grant a second. Excuses! consideration! he hath not a spark of love in him. I must be his aversion! go, monster, I hate you, and you shall see I can be reveng'd.

AIR XXXVII. Roger a Coverly.

*My heart is by love forsaken,  
I feel the tempest growing.  
A fury the place hath taken,  
I rage, I burn, I'm glowing.  
Tho' Cupid's arrows are erring,  
Or indifference may secure ye,  
When woman's revenge is stirring,  
You cannot escape that fury.*

I could bear your excuses, but those looks of indifference kill me.

## SCENE VII.

JENNY, POLLY, MORANO.

JENNY.

Sure never was such insolence! how could you leave me with this bawdy-house bully? for if he had been bred a page, he must have made his fortune. If I had given him the least encouragement, it would not have provok'd me. Odious creature!

MORANO.

What-a-vengeance is the matter?

JENNY.

Only an attempt upon your wife. So ripe an impudence! he must have suck'd in assurance from his mother.

MORANO.

An act of friendship only. He meant to push his  
fortune with the husband. 'Tis the way of the town,  
my dear.

AIR XXXVIII. Bacchus m'a dit.

*By halves no friend  
Now seeks to do you pleasure.  
Their help they lend  
In every part of life;  
If husbands part,  
The friend hath always leisure;  
Then all his heart  
Is bent to please the wife.*

JENNY.

I hate you for being so little jealous.

MORANO.

Certainly, Jenny, you know the way of the world  
better, than to be surpriz'd at a thing of this kind.  
'Tis a civility that all you fine ladies expect; and, up-  
on the like occasion, I could not have answer'd for  
myself. I own, I have a kind of partiality to impu-  
dence. Perhaps too, his views might be honourable.  
If I had been kill'd in battle, 'tis good to be before-  
hand. You know 'tis a way often practis'd to make  
sure of a widow.

JENNY.

If I find you so easy in these affairs, you may make  
my virtue less obstinate.

AIR XXXIX. Health to Betty.

*If husbands sit unsteady,  
Most wives for freaks are ready.  
Neglect the rein,  
The steed again  
Grows skittish, wild and heady.*

# PART SECOND. 155

Your behaviour forces me to say what my love for you will never suffer me to put in practice. You are too safe, too secure, to think of pleasing me.

Tho' I like impudence, yet 'tis not so agreeable when put in practice upon my own wife; and jesting apart, young spark, if I ever catch you thinking this way again, a cat-o-nine-tails shall cool your courage.

## SCENE VIII.

MORANO, JENNY, POLLY, VANDERBLUFF, CAPSTERN, LAGUERRE, *etc.* with CAWWAW-KEE prisoner.

VANDERBLUFF. The party, captain, is return'd with success. After a short engagement, the *Indian* prince *Cawwawkee* here was made prisoner, and we want our orders for his disposal.

MORANO.

Are all our troops ready and under arms?

VANDERBLUFF.

They wait but for your command. Our numbers are strong. All the ships crews are drawn out, and the slaves that have deserted to us from the plantations are all brave resolute fellows, who must behave themselves well.

MORANO.

Look'ye, lieutenant, the trussing up this prince, in my opinion, would strike a terror among the enemy. Besides, dead men can do no mischief. Let a gibbet be set up, and swing him off between the armies before the onset.

VANDERBLUFF.

By your leave, captain, my advice blows directly contrary. Whatever may be done hereafter, I am for putting him first of all upon examination. The Indians



to be sure have conceal'd their treasures, and we shall want a guide to shew us the best plunder.

The advice is good. I will extort intelligence from him. Bring me word when the enemy are in motion, and that instant I'll put myself at your head. [*Exit Sailor.*] Do you know me, prince?

As a man of injustice I know you, who covets and invades the properties of another.

MORANO.

Do you know my power?

I fear it not.

MORANO.

Do you know your danger?

I am prepar'd to meet it.

AIR XL. *Cappé de bonne esperance.*

*The body of the brave may be taken,*

*If chance bring on our adverse hour;*

*But the noble soul is unshaken,*

*For that still is in our power:*

*'Tis a rock whose firm foundation*

*Mocks the waves of perturbation;*

*'Tis a never-dying ray,*

*Brighter in our evil day.*

MORANO.

Mere downright barbarians, you see, lieutenant. They have our notional honour still in practice among them.

VANDERBLUFF.

We must beat civilizing into them, to make them capable of common society, and common conversation.

MORANO.

Obstinate prince, mark me well. Know you, I say, that your life is in my power?

CAWWAWKEE.

I know too, that my virtue is in my own.

MORANO.

Not a mule, or an old out-of-fashion'd philosopher could be more stubborn. Can you feel pain?

CAWWAWKEE.

I can bear it.

MORANO.

I shall try you.

CAWWAWKEE.

I speak truth, I never affirm but what I know.

MORANO.

In what condition are your troops? What numbers have you? How are they disposed? Act reasonably and openly, and you shall find protection.

CAWWAWKEE.

What, betray my friends! I am no coward, *European*.

MORANO.

Torture shall make you squeak.

CAWWAWKEE.

I have resolution; and pain shall neither make me lie or betray. I tell thee once more, *European*, I am no coward.

VANDERBLUFF.

What, neither cheat nor be cheated! There is no having either commerce or correspondence with these creatures.

JENNY.

We have reason to be thankful for our good education. How ignorant is mankind without it!

CAPSTERN.

I wonder to hear the beast speak.

LAGUERRE.

They would make a shew of him in England.

O

JENNY.

Poh, they would only take him for a fool.

CAPSTERN.

But how can you expect any thing else from a creature, who hath never seen a civiliz'd country? Which way should he know mankind?

JENNY.

Since they are made like us, to be sure, were they in *England* they might be taught.

LAGUERRE.

Why, we see country gentlemen grow into courtiers, and country gentlewomen, with a little polishing of the town, in a few months become fine ladies.

JENNY.

Without doubt, education and example can do much.

POLLY.

How happy are these savages! Who would not wish to be in such ignorance? [*aside*.

MORANO.

Have done, I desire you, with your musty reflections: You but interrupt the examination. You have treasures, you have gold and silver among you, I suppose.

CAWWAWKEE.

Better it had been for us if that shining earth had never been brought to light.

MORANO.

That you have treasures then you own, it seems; I am glad to hear you confess something.

CAWWAWKEE.

But out of good-will we ought to hide it from you. For, as we have heard, 'tis so rank a poison to you *Europeans*, that the very touch of it makes you mad.

AIR XLIII. When bright Aurelia tripp'd the plain,

*For gold you sacrifice your fame,*

*Your honour, life and friend:*

*You war, you fawn, you lie, you game,*

*And plunder without fear or shame;*

*Can madness this transcend?*

MORANO.

Bold savage, we are not to be insulted with your ignorance. If you would save your lives, you must, like the beaver, leave behind you what we hunt you for, or we shall not leave the chase. Discover your treasures, your hoards, for I will have the ransacking of them.

JENNY.

By his seeming to set some value upon gold, one would think that he had some glimmering of sense.

AIR XLH. Peggy's Mill.

*When gold is in hand,*

*It gives us command;*

*It makes us lov'd and respected.*

*'Tis now, as of yore,*

*Wit and sense, when poor,*

*Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd and neglected.*

*Tho' peevish and old,*

*If women have gold,*

*They have youth, good-humour and beauty:*

*Among all mankind,*

*Without it we find*

*Nor love, nor savour nor duty.*

MORANO.

I will have no more of these interruptions. Since women will be always talking, one would think they



had a chance now and then to talk in season. Once more I ask you, perverse, audacious savage, if I grant you your life, will you be useful to us? For you shall find mercy upon no other conditions. I will have immediate compliance, or you shall undergo the torture.

CAWWAWKEE.

With dishonour life is nothing worth.

MORANO.

Furies! I'll trifle no longer.

RECITATIVE. *Sia suggesta la plebe in Coriolan.*

*Hence let him feel his sentence.*

*Pain brings repentance.*

LAGUERRE.

You would not have us put him to death, captain?

MORANO.

Torture him leisurely, but severely. I shall stagger your obstinacy, *Indian*.

RECITATIVE.

*Hence let him feel his sentence.*

*Pain brings repentance.*

But hold, I'll see him tortured. I will have the pleasure of extorting answers from him myself. So keep him safe till you have my directions.

LAGUERRE.

It shall be done.

MORANO.

As for you, young spark, I think it not proper to trust you, till I know you farther. Let him be your prisoner too till I give order how to dispose of him.

[*Ex. Cawwawkee and Polly guarded.*]

PART SECOND. 161

SCENE IX.

MORANO, JENNY, VANDERBLUFF.

VANDERBLUFF.

Come, noble captain, take one hearty smack upon her lips, and then steer off; for one kiss requires another, and you will never have done with her. If once a man and woman come to grappling, there's no hawling them asunder. Our friends expect us.

Nay, lieutenant *Vanderbluff*, he shall not go yet.

VANDERBLUFF.

I'm out of all patience. There is a time for all things, madam. But a woman thinks all times must be subservient to her whim and humour. We should be now upon the spot.

JENNY.

Is the captain under your command, lieutenant?

VANDERBLUFF.

I know women better than so. I shall never dispute the command with any gentleman's wife. Come, captain, a woman will never take the last kiss; she will always want another. Break from her clutches.

MORANO.

I must go — But I cannot.

AIR XLIII. Excuse me.

*Glory calls me from thy arms,* [to him.

*With honour my bosom is beating.*

*Victory summons to arms; then to arms!*

*Let us haste, for we're sure of defeating.*

*One look more — and then —* [to her.

*Oh, I am lost again!*

*What a power has beauty!*

*But honour calls, and I must away.* [to him.

*But love forbids, and I must obey.* [to her.

*But grow too bold; [Vanderbluff pulling him away.*

*Hence, loose your hold,* [to him.

*For love claims all my duty.* [to her.

162 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

They will bring us word when the enemy is in motion.  
I know my own time, lieutenant.

VANDERBLUFF.

Lose the *Indies* then, with all my heart. Lose the money, and you lose the woman, that I can tell you, captain. Furies, what would the woman be at!

JENNY.

Not so hasty and furious, I beg you, lieutenant. Give me the hearing, and perhaps, whatever you may think of us, you may once in your life hear a woman speak reason.

VANDERBLUFF.

Dispatch then. And if a few words can satisfy you, be short.

JENNY.

Men only slight womens advice thro' an over-conceit of their own opinions. I am against venturing a battle. Why should we put what we have already got to the risque? We have money enough on board our ships to secure our persons, and can reserve a comfortable subsistence besides. Let us leave the *Indies* to our comrades.

VANDERBLUFF.

Sure you are the first of the sex that ever flinted herself in love or money. If it were consistent with our honour, her advice were worth hearkning to!

JENNY.

Consistent with our honour! For shame, lieutenant; you talk downright *Indian*. One would take you for the savage's brother, or cousin-german at least. You may talk of honour, as other great men do; but when interest comes in your way, you should do as other great men do.

PART SECOND. 163

AIR XLIV. Ruben.

*Honour plays a bubble's part,  
Ever bilk'd and cheated;  
Never in ambition's heart,  
Int'rest there is seated.  
Honour was in use of yore,  
Tho' by want attended:  
Since 'twas talk'd of, and no more,  
Lord, how times are mended!*

VANDERBLUFF.

What think you of her proposal, noble captain?  
We may push matters too far.

JENNY.

Consider, my dear, the *Indies* are only treasures in expectation. All your sensible men, now-a-days, love the ready. Let us seize the ships then, and away for England, while we have the opportunity.

VANDERBLUFF.

Sure you can have no scruple against treachery, captain. 'Tis as common a money-getting vice as any in fashion; for who now-a-days ever boggles at giving up his crew?

MORANO.

But the spoiling of a great design —

VANDERBLUFF.

'Tis better spoiling our own designs, than have them spoil'd by others; for then our designs and our lives will be cut short together.

AIR XLV. Troy Town.

*When ambition's ten years toils  
Have heap'd up mighty boards of gold;  
Amidst the harvest of the spoils,  
Acquir'd by fraud and rapine bold,  
Comes justice. The great scheme is cross,  
At once wealth, life, and fame are lost.*



164 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

This is a melancholy reflection for ambition, if it ever could think reasonably.

MORANO.

If you are satisfy'd, and for your security, *Jenny*. For any man may acknowledge that he has money enough, when he hath enough to satisfy his wife.

VANDERBLUFF.

We may make our retreat without suspicion, for they will readily impute our being mis'd to the accidents of war.

SCENE X.

MORANO, JENNY, VANDERBLUFF, SAILOR.

SAILOR.

There is just now news arriv'd, that the troops of the plantation have intercepted the passage to our ships; so that conquest is our only hope. The *Indian* forces too are ready to march, and ours grow impatient for your presence, noble captain.

MORANO.

I'll be with them. Come then, lieutenant, for death or the world.

JENNY.

Nay then, if matters are desperate, nothing shall part me from you. I'll share your dangers.

MORANO.

Since I must have an empire, prepare yourself, *Jenny*, for the cares of royalty. Let us on to battle, to conquest. Hark the trumpet. [Trumpet sounds.]

AIR XLVI. We've cheated the parson.

*Despair leads to battle, no courage so great.  
They must conquer or die who've no retreat.*

VANDERBLUFF.

*No retreat.*

JENNY.

*No retreat.*

MORANO.

*They must conquer or die who've no retreat.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI. *A room of a poor cottage.*

CAWWAWKEE in chains, POLLY.

POLLY.

Unfortunate prince! I cannot blame your disbelief, when I tell you that I admire your virtues, and share in your misfortunes.

CAWWAWKEE.

To be oppress'd by an *European* implies merit. Yet you are an *European*. Are you fools? Do you believe one another? Sure speech can be of no use among you.

POLLY.

There are constitutions that can withstand a pestilence.

CAWWAWKEE.

But sure vice must be inherent in such constitutions. You are ashamed of your hearts, you can lie. How can you bear to look into yourselves?

POLLY.

My sincerity could even bear your examination.

CAWWAWKEE.

You have abolish'd faith. How can I believe you? You are cowards too, for you are cruel.

POLLY.

Would it were in my power to give you proofs of my compassion.

CAWWAWKEE.

You can be covetous. That is a complication of all vices. It comprehends them all. Heaven guard our country from the infection!

POLLY.

Yet the worst men allow virtue to be lovely, or there would be no hypocrites.

CAWWAWKEE.

Have you then hypocrisy still among you? For all that I have experienc'd of your manners is open vio-

166 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

lence, and bare-fac'd injustice. Who that had ever felt the satisfaction of virtue would ever part with it?

AIR XLVII. T'amo tanto.

*Virtue's treasure  
Is a pleasure,  
Chearful even amid distress;  
Nor pain nor crosses,  
Nor grief nor losses,  
Nor death itself can make it less;  
Here relying,  
Suff'ring, dying,  
Honest souls find all redress.*

POLLY.

My heart feels your sentiments, and my tongue longs to join in them.

CAWWAWKEE.

*Virtue's treasure  
Is a pleasure,*

POLLY.

*Chearful even amid distress;*

CAWWAWKEE.

*Nor pain nor crosses,*

POLLY.

*Nor grief nor losses,*

CAWWAWKEE.

*Nor death itself can make it less.*

POLLY.

*Here relying,*

CAWWAWKEE.

*Suff'ring, dying,*

POLLY.

*Honest souls find all redress.*

CAWWAWKEE.

Having this, I want no other comfort. I am prepar'd for all misfortune.

POLLY.

Had you means of escape, you could not refuse it.  
To preserve your life is your duty.

CAWWAWKEE.

By dishonest means, I scorn it.

POLLY.

But stratagem is allow'd in war; and 'tis lawful to  
use all the weapons employ'd against you. You may  
save your friends from affliction, and be the means of  
rescuing your country.

CAWWAWKEE.

Those are powerful inducements. I seek not voluntarily to resign my life. While it lasts, I would do my duty.

POLLY.

I'll talk with our guard. What induces them to rapine and murder, will induce them to betray. You may offer them what they want; and from no hands, upon no conditions, corruption can resist the temptation.

CAWWAWKEE.

I have no skill. Those who are corrupt themselves know how to corrupt others. You may do as you please. But whatever you promise for me, contrary to the *European* custom, I will perform. For tho' a knave may break his word with a knave, an honest tongue knows no such distinctions.

POLLY.

Gentlemen, I desire some conference with you, that may be for your advantage.

## SCENE XII.

POLLY, CAWWAWKEE, LAGUERRE,  
CAPSTERN.

POLLY.

Know you that you have the *Indian* prince in your custody?



LAGUERRE.

Very well.

POLLY.

Know you the treasures that are in his power ?

LAGUERRE.

I know too that they shall soon be ours.

POLLY.

In having him in your possession they are yours.

LAGUERRE.

As how, friend ?

POLLY.

He might well reward you.

LAGUERRE.

For what ?

POLLY.

For his liberty.

CAWWAWKEE.

Yes, *European*, I can and will reward you.

CAPSTERN.

He's a great man, and I trust no such promises.

CAWWAWKEE.

I have said it, *European*; and an *Indian's* heart is always answerable for his words.

POLLY.

Think of the chance of war, gentlemen. Victory is not so sure when you fight against those who fight for their liberties.

LAGUERRE.

What think you of the proposal ?

CAPSTERN.

The prince can give us places; he can make us all great men. Such a prospect I can tell you, *Laguerre*, would tempt our betters.

LAGUERRE.

Besides, if we are vanquish'd, we have no retreat to our ships.

CAPSTERN.

If we gain our end, what matter how we come by it ?

PART SECOND. 169

LAGUERRE.

Every man for himself, say I. There is no being even with mankind, without that universal maxim. Consider, brother, we run no risque.

CAPSTERN.

Nay, I have no objections.

LAGUERRE.

If we conquer'd, and the booty were to be divided among the crews, what would it amount to? Perhaps this way we might get more than would come to our shares.

CAPSTERN.

Then too, I always lov'd a place at court. I have a genius to get, keep in, and make the most of an employment.

LAGUERRE.

You will consider, prince, our own politicians would have rewarded such meritorious services: we'll go off with you.

CAPSTERN.

We want only to be known to be employ'd.

LAGUERRE.

Let us unbind him then.

POLLY.

'Tis thus one able politician outwits another; and we admire their wisdom. You may depend upon the prince's word as much as if he were a poor man.

CAPSTERN.

Our fortunes then are made.

## AIR XLVIII. Down in a meadow.

POLLY.

*The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry they gain.  
 Thus the woodcock, the partridge, the pheasant is slain.  
 What care and expence for their hounds are employ'd!  
 Thus the fox, and the hare, and the stag are destroy'd.  
 The spaniel they cherish, whose flattering way  
 Can as well as their masters cringe, fawn and betray.  
 Thus stanch politicians, look all the world round,  
 Love the men who can serve as hawk, spaniel or bound.*

[Exeunt.]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The INDIAN Camp.*

POHETOHEE, Attendants, DUCAT.

INDIAN.

SIR, a party from the *British* factory have join'd us. Their captain attends your majesty's orders for their disposition.

POHETOHEE.

Let them be posted next my command; for I would be witness of their bravery. But first let their officer know I would see him.

[Exit Indian.]

Enter DUCAT.

DUCAT.

I would do all in my power to serve your majesty. I have brought up my men, and now, Sir, — I would fain give up. I speak purely upon your majesty's account. For as to courage and all that — I have been a colonel of the militia these ten years.

POHETOHEE.

Sure, you have not fear. Are you a man?

DUCAT.

A married man, Sir, who carries his wife's heart about him, and that indeed is a little fearful. Upon promise to her, I am engag'd to quit in case of a battle; and her heart hath ever govern'd me more than my own. Besides, Sir, fighting is not our business; we pay others for fighting; and yet 'tis well known we had rather part with our lives than our money.

POHETOHEE.

And have you no spirit then to defend it? Your



172 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

families, your liberties, your properties are at stake. If these cannot move you, you must be born without a heart.

DUCAT.

Alas, Sir, we cannot be answerable for human infirmities.

AIR XLIX. There was an old man, and he liv'd.

*What man can on virtue or courage repose,  
Or guess if the touch 'twill abide?  
Like gold, if intrinsic sure no-body knows,  
'Till weigh'd in the balance and try'd.*

POHETOHEE.

How different are your notions from ours! We think virtue, honour, and courage as essential to man as his limbs, or senses; and in every man we suppose the qualities of a man, till we have found the contrary. But then we regard him only as a beast in disguise. How custom can degrade nature!

DUCAT.

Why should I have any more scruples about myself, than about my money? If I can make my courage pass currant, what matter is it to me whether it be true or false? 'Tis time enough to own a man's failings when they are found out. If your majesty then will not dispense with my duty to my wife, with permission, I'll to my post. 'Tis wonderful to me that kings ever go to war, who have so much to lose, and nothing essential to get. [Exit.

SCENE II.

POHETOHEE, Attendants.

POHETOHEE.

My son a prisoner! Tortur'd perhaps and cruelly butcher'd! Human nature cannot bear up against such

PART SECOND. 173

afflictions. The war must suffer by his absence. More than is requir'd from me. Grief raises my resolution and calls me to rescue him, or to a just revenge. What mean those shouts? [Enter Indian.

INDIAN.

The prince, Sir, is return'd. The troops are animated by his presence. With some of the pyrates in his retinue, he waits your majesty's commands.

SCENE III.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY, LAGUERRE, CAPSTERN, etc.

POHETOHEE.

Conquest then is ours. Let me embrace him. Welcome, my son. Without thee my heart could not have felt a triumph.

CAWWAWKEE.

Let this youth then receive your thanks. To him are owing my life and freedom. And the love of virtue alone gain'd me his friendship.

POHETOHEE.

This hath convinc'd me that an *European* can be generous and honest.

CAWWAWKEE.

These others, indeed, have the passion of their country. I owe their services to gold, and my promise is engag'd to reward them. How it gauls honour to have obligations to a dishonourable man!

LAGUERRE.

I hope your majesty will not forget our services.

POHETOHEE.

I am bound for my son's engagements.

CAWWAWKEE.

For this youth, I will be answerable. Like a pearl found in rubbish, he shines the brighter among these his countrymen.

AIR L. Iris la plus charmante.

*Love with beauty is flying,  
At once 'tis blooming and dying,  
But all seasons defying,  
Friendship lasts on the year.  
Love is by long enjoying,  
Cloying;  
Friendship, enjoy'd the longer,  
Stronger.  
O may the flame divine  
Burn in your breast like mine!*

POLLY.

Most noble prince, my behaviour shall justify the good opinion you have of me; and my friendship is beyond professions.

POHETOHEE.

Let these men remain under guard, till after the battle. All promises shall then be made good to you.

[*Ex. Pyr. guarded.*]

#### SCENE IV.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY.

CAWWAWKEE.

May this young man be my companion in the war. As a boon I beg it of you. He knows our cause is just, and that is sufficient to engage him in it.

POHETOHEE.

I leave you to appoint him his command. Dispose of him as you judge proper.

POLLY.

To fall into their hands is certain torture and death. As far as my youth and strength will permit me, you may depend upon my duty.

PART SECOND. 175

Enter INDIAN.

INDIAN.

Sir, the enemy are advancing towards us,

POHETONEE.

Victory then is at hand. Justice defends us, and  
courage shall support us. Let us then to our posts.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. *The field of battle.*

CULVERIN, HACKER, PYRATES.

AIR LI. There was a jovial beggar.

1 PYRATE.

*When horns, with merry sound,*

*Proclaim the active day;*

*Impatience heats the bound,*

*He burns to chase the prey.*

CHORUS.

*Thus to battle we will go, etc.*

2 PYRATE.

*How charms the trumpet's breath!*

*The brave, with hope possess'd,*

*For getting wounds and death,*

*Feel conquest in their breast.*

CHORUS.

*Thus to battle, etc.*

CULVERIN.

But yet I don't see, brother *Hacker*, why we should  
be commanded by a Neger. 'Tis all along of him  
that we are led into these difficulties. I hate this land  
fighting. I love to have sea-room.

HACKER.

We are of the council, brother. If ever we get on  
board again, my vote shall be for calling of him to ac-



176 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

count for these pranks. Why should we be such fools to be ambitious of satisfying another's ambition?

CULVERIN.

Let us mutiny. I love mutiny as well as my wife.

1. PYRATE.

Let us mutiny.

2. PYRATE.

Ay, let us mutiny.

HACKER.

Our captain takes too much upon him. I am for no engrosser of power. By our articles he hath no command but in a fight or in a storm. Look'ye, brothers, I am for mutiny as much as any of you, when occasion offers.

CULVERIN.

Right, brother, all in good time. The pass to our ships is cut off by the troops of the plantation. We must fight the *Indians* first, and we have a mutiny good afterwards.

HACKER.

Is *Morano* still with his doxy?

CULVERIN.

He's yonder on the right, putting his troops in order for the onset.

HACKER.

I wish this fight of ours were well over. For, to be sure, let soldiers say what they will, they feel more pleasure after a battle than in it.

CULVERIN.

Does not the drum-head here, quarter-master, tempt you to throw a merry main or two?

[Takes dice out of his pocket.]

HACKER.

If I lose my money, I shall reimburse myself from the *Indians*. I have set.

CULVERIN.

Have at you. A nick. [flings.]

HACKER.

Throw the dice fairly out. Are you at me again?

CULVERIN.  
I'm at it. Seven or eleven. [*sings*] eleven.

HACKER.

Furies! A plain cog! I won't be bubbled, Sir. This would not pass upon a drunken country gentleman. Death, Sir, I won't be cheated.

CULVERIN.  
The money is mine, D'you take me for a sharper, Sir?

HACKER.

Yes, Sir.

CULVERIN.

I'll have satisfaction.

HACKER.

With all my heart. [*fighting*.

# SCENE VI.

HACKER, CULVERIN, PYRATES, MORANO, VANDERBLUFF, etc.

MORANO.

For shame, gentlemen! [*parting them*.] Is this a time for private quarrel? What do I see! Dice upon the drum-head! If you have not left off those cowardly tools, you are unworthy your profession. The articles you have sworn to, forbid gaming for money. Friendship and society cannot subsist where it is practis'd. As this is the day of battle, I remit your penalties. But let me hear no more of it.

CULVERIN.

To be call'd sharper, captain! is a reproach that no man of honour can put up.

HACKER.

But to be one, is what no man of honour can practise.

MORANO.

If you will not obey orders, quarter-master, this pistol shall put an end to the dispute. [*claps it to his*

head.] The common cause now requires your agreement. If gaming is so common, I don't wonder that treachery still subsists among you.

HACKER.

Who is treacherous?

CAPSTERN.

*Capstern* and *Laguerra* have let the prince and the stripling you took prisoner escape, and are gone off with them to the *Indians*. Upon your duty, gentlemen, this day depends our all.

CULVERIN.

Rather than have ill blood among us, I return the money. I value your friendship more. Let all animosities be forgot.

MORANO.

We should be *Indians* among ourselves, and shew our breeding and parts to every body else. If we cannot be true to one another, and false to all the world besides, there is an end of every great exploit.

HACKER.

We have nothing to trust to but death or victory.

MORANO.

Then hey for victory and plunder, my lads!

AIR LII. To you fair ladies.

*By braver steps we win the race.*

I PYRATE.

*Let's haste where danger calls.*

MORANO.

*Unless ambition mend its pace,*

*It totters, nods and falls.*

I PYRATE.

*We must advance or be undone.*

MORANO.

*Think thus, and then the battle's won.*

CHORUS.

*With a fa la la.*

MORANO.

You see your booty, your plunder, gentlemen. The Indians are just upon us. The great must venture death some way or other, and the less ceremony about it, in my opinion, the better. But why talk I of death! Those only talk of it, who fear it. Let us all live, and enjoy our victory. Sound the charge.

AIR LIII. Prince Eugene's march.

*When the tyger roams,  
And the timorous flock is in his view,  
Fury foams,  
He thirsts for the blood of the crew.  
His greedy eyes he throws,  
Thirst with their number grows,  
On he pours, with a wide waste pursuing,  
Spreading the plain with a general ruin.  
Thus let us charge, and our foes o'erturn:*

VANDERBLUFF.

*Let us on one and all!*

I PYRATE.

*How they fly, how they fall!*

MORANO.

*For the war, for the prize I burn.*

VANDERBLUFF.

Were they dragons, my lads, as they sit brooding upon treasure, we would scare them from their nests.

MORANO.

But see, the enemy are advancing to close engagement. Before the onset, we'll demand a parley, and if we can, obtain honourable terms — We are over-power'd by numbers, and our retreat is cut off.



## SCENE VII.

*Enter POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY, etc. with the Indian army drawn up against the pyrates.*

POHETOHEE.

Our hearts are all ready. The enemy halts. Let the trumpets give the signal.

AIR LIV. The Marlborough.

CAWWAWKEE.

*We the sword of justice drawing,  
Terror cast in guilty eyes;  
In its ray false courage dies;  
'Tis like lightning keen and awing.  
Charge the foe,  
Lay them low,  
On then and strike the blow.  
Hark, victory calls us. See, guilt is dismay'd:  
The villain is of his own conscience afraid.  
In your hands are your lives and your liberties held,  
The courage of virtue was never repell'd.*

PYRATES.

Our captain commands a parley.

POHETOHEE.

Let him advance.

*Art thou, Morano, that sell man of prey?  
That foe to justice?*

MORANO.

*Tremble and obey.  
Art thou great Pohetohée fly'd?*

POHETOHEE.

*The same.  
I dare avow my actions and my name.*

# PART SECOND. 181

MORANO.

Thou know'st then, king, thy son there was my prisoner. Pay us the ransom we require, allow us safe passage to our ships, and we will give you your lives and liberties.

POHETOHEE.

Shall robbers and plunderers prescribe rules to right and equity? Insolent madman! Composition with knaves is base and ignominious. Tremble at the sword of justice, rapacious brute.

## AIR LV. Les rats.

MORANO.

*Know then war's my pleasure.*

*Am I thus controll'd?*

*Both thy heart and treasure*

*I'll at once unfold.*

*You, like a miser, scraping, biding,*

*Rob all the world: you're but mines of gold.*

*Rage my breast alarms:*

*War is by kings held right-deciding;*

*Then to arms, to arms;*

*With this sword I'll force your bold.*

By thy perverseness, king, thou hast provok'd thy fate;  
and so expect me.

POHETOHEE.

Rapacious fool; by thy avarice thou shalt perish.

MORANO.

Fall on.

POHETOHEE.

For your lives and liberties.

[*fight, Pyrates beat off.*]

## SCENE VIII.

## DUCAT.

## DUCAT.

A slight wound now would have been a good certificate; but who dares contradict a soldier? 'Tis your common soldiers who must content themselves with mere fighting; but 'tis we officers that run away with the most fame as well as pay. Of all fools, the fool-hardy are the worst, for they are not even to be trusted with themselves. Why should we provoke men to turn again upon us, after they are run away? For my own part, I think it wiser to talk of fighting, than only to be talk'd of. The fame of a talking hero will satisfy me; the sound of whose courage amazes and astonishes all peaceable men, women, and children. Sure a man may be allow'd a little lying in his own praise, when there is so much going about to his discredit. Since every other body gives a man less praise than he merits, a man, in justice to himself, ought to make up deficiencies. Without this privilege, we should have fewer good characters in the world than we have.

## AIR LVI. Mad Robin.

*How faultless does the nymph appear,  
When her own hand the picture draws!  
But all others only smear  
Her wrinkles, cracks and flaws.  
Self-flattery is our claim and right,  
Let men say what they will;  
Sure we may set our good in sight,  
When neighbours set our ill.*

So, for my own part, I'll no more trust my reputation in my neighbours hands than my money. But will turn them both myself to the best advantage.

SCENE IX.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, DUCAT,  
INDIANS.

POHETOHEE.

Had *Morano* been taken or slain, our conquest had been complete.

DUCAT.

A hare may escape from a mastiff. I could not be a greyhound too.

POHETOHEE.

How have you dispos'd of the prisoners?

CAWWAWKEE.

They are all under safe guard, till the king's justice, by their exemplary punishment, deters others from the like barbarities.

POHETOHEE.

But all our troops are not as yet return'd from the pursuit; I am too for speedy justice, for in that there is a sort of mercy. Besides, I would not have my private thoughts worried by clemency to pardon such wretches. I cannot be answerable for the frailties of my nature.

CAWWAWKEE.

The youth who rescu'd me from these cruel men is missing; and amidst all our successes I cannot feel happiness. I fear he is among the slain. My gratitude interested itself so warmly in his safety, that you must excuse my concern. What hath victory done for me? I have lost a friend.

AIR LVII. Thro' the wood laddy.

*As sits the poor turtle alone on the spray;  
His heart sorely beating,  
Sad murmur repeating,  
Indulging his grief for his consort astray;  
For force or death only could keep her away.*



*Now he thinks of the fowler, and every snare :  
 If guns have not slain her,  
 The net must detain her,  
 Thus he'll rise in my thoughts, ev'ry hour with a tear,  
 If safe from the battle he do not appear.*

POHETOHEE.

Dead or alive, bring me intelligence of him ; for I  
 share in my son's affliction. [Exit Indian.

DUCAT.

I had better too be upon the spot, or my men may  
 embezzle some plunder which by right should be mine.  
[Exit.

INDIAN.

The youth, Sir, with a party is just returned from  
 the pursuit. He's here to wait your majesty's com-  
 mands.

## SCENE X.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY,  
 INDIANS.

CAWWAWKEE.

Excuse, Sir, the warmth of my friendship, if I fly  
 to meet him, and for a moment intercept his duty.  
[Embracing.

AIR LVIII. Clasp'd in my dear *Molinla's* arms.

POLLY.

*Victory is ours.*

CAWWAWKEE.

—My fond heart is at rest.

POLLY.

Friendship thus receives its guest,

CAWWAWKEE.

O what rapture fills my breast !

# PART SECOND. 185

POLLY.

*Conquest is complete,*

CAWWAWKEE.

*Now the triumph's great.*

POLLY.

*In your life is a nation blest.*

CAWWAWKEE.

*In your life I'm of all possess'd.*

POHETOHEE.

The obligations my son hath receiv'd from you, makes me take a part in his friendship. In your safety conquest has been doubly kind to me. If *Morano* hath escap'd, justice only reserves him to be punish'd by another hand.

POLLY.

In the rout, Sir, I overtook him, flying with all the cowardice of guilt upon him. Thousands have false courage enough to be vicious; true fortitude is founded upon honour and virtue; that only can abide all tests. I made him my prisoner, and left him without under strict guard, till I receiv'd your majesty's commands for his disposal.

POHETOHEE.

Sure this youth was sent me as a guardian. Let your prisoner be brought before us.

## SCENE XI.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY, MORANO *guarded.*

MORANO.

Here's a young treacherous dog now, who hangs the husband to come at the wife. There are wives in the world, who would have undertaken that affair to come at him. Your son's freedom, to be sure, you think better worth than mine; so that I allow you a

186 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

good bargain if I take my own for his ransom, without a gratuity. You know, king, he is my debtor.

POHETOHEE.

He hath the obligations to thee of a sheep who hath escap'd out of the jaws of the wolf, beast of prey !

MORANO.

Your great men will never own their debts, that's certain.

POHETOHEE.

Trifle not with justice, impious man. Your cruelties, your rapine, your murders, are now at an end.

MORANO.

Ambition must take its chance, if I die, I die in my vocation.

AIR LIX. Parson upon Dorothy.

*The soldiers, who by trade must dare  
The dreadful cannon's sounds ;  
You may be sure, betimes prepare  
For fatal blood and wounds.  
The men, who, with advent'rous dance,  
Leap from the cord on high,  
Must own they have the frequent chance  
By broken bones to die.  
Since seldom then  
Ambitious men  
Like others lose their breath ;  
Like these, I hope,  
They know a rope  
Is but their natural death.*

We must all take the common lot of our professions.

POHETOHEE.

Would your European laws have permitted crimes like these to have gone unpunish'd !

MORANO.

Were all I am worth safely landed, I have where-

withal to make almost any crime sit easy upon me.

POHETOHEE.

Have ye notions of property ?

MORANO.

Of my own.

POHETOHEE.

Would not your honest industry have been enough to have supported you ?

MORANO.

Honest industry ! I have heard talk of it indeed among the common people, but all great geniuses are above it.

POHETOHEE.

Have you no respect for virtue ?

MORANO.

As a good phrase, Sir. But the practisers of it are so insignificant and poor, that they are rarely found in the best company.

POHETOHEE.

Is not wisdom esteemed among you ?

MORANO.

Yes, Sir: but only as a step to riches and power; a step that raises ourselves, and trips up our neighbours.

POHETOHEE.

Honour and honesty, are not those distinguish'd ?

MORANO.

As incapacities and follies. How ignorant are these *Indians* ! But indeed, I think honour is of some use ; it serves to swear upon.

POHETOHEE.

Have you no consciousness ? Have you no shame ?

MORANO.

Of being poor.

POHETOHEE.

How can society subsist with covetousness ! Ye are but the forms of men. Beasts would thrust you out of their herd upon that account, and man should cast you out for your brutal dispositions.



MORANO.

*Alexander the great was more successful. That's all.*

AIR LX. The collier has a daughter.

*When right or wrong's decided  
In war or civil causes,  
We by success are guided  
To blame or give applauses.  
Thus men exalt ambition,  
In power by all commended.  
But when it falls from high condition,  
Tyburn is well attended.*

POHETOHEE.

Let justice then take her course, I shall not interfere with her decrees. Mercy too obliges me to defend my country from such violences. Immediate death shall put a stop to your further mischiefs.

MORANO.

This sentence indeed is hard. Without the common forms of trial! Not so much as the advice of a Newgate attorney! Not to be able to lay out my money in partiality and evidence! Not a friend perjur'd for me! This is hard, very hard.

POHETOHEE.

Let the sentence be put in execution. Lead him to death. Let his accomplices be witnesses of it, and afterwards let them be safely guarded till further orders.

AIR LXI. Mad Moll.

MORANO.

*All crimes are judg'd like fornication;  
While rich we are honest, no doubt.  
Fine ladies can keep reputation,  
Poor lasses alone are found out.*

*If justice had piercing eyes,  
Like ourselves to look within,  
She'd find power and wealth a disguise  
That shelter the worst of our kin. [Exit guarded.*

## SCENE XII.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY.

POHETOHEE.

How shall I return the obligations I owe you? Every thing in my power you may command. In making a request, you confer on me another benefit. For gratitude is obliged by occasions of making a return: and every occasion must be agreeable; for a grateful soul hath more pleasure in paying than receiving.

CAWWAWKEE.

My friendship too is impatient to give you proofs of it. How happy would you make me in allowing me to discharge that duty!

AIR LXII. Prince George.

*All friendship is a mutual debt,*

POLLY.

*The contract's inclination:*

CAWWAWKEE.

*We never can that bond forget  
Of sweet retaliation.*

POLLY.

*All day, and every day the same*

*We are paying and still owing;*

CAWWAWKEE.

*By turns we grant, by turns we claim,  
The pleasure of bestowing,*

BOTH.

*By turns we grant, etc.*

190 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

POLLY.

The pleasure of having serv'd an honourable man is a sufficient return. My misfortunes, I fear, are beyond relief.

CAWWAWKEE.

That sigh makes me suffer. If you have a want let me know it.

POLLY.

If it is in a king's power, my power will make me happy.

CAWWAWKEE.

If you believe me a friend, you are unjust in concealing your distresses from me. You deny me the privilege of friendship ; for I have a right to share them, or redress them.

POHETONEE.

Can my treasures make you happy ?

POLLY.

Those who have them not think they can ; those who have them know they cannot.

POHETOHEE.

How unlike his countrymen !

CAWWAWKEE.

While you hide one want from me, I feel every want for you. Such obstinacy to a friend is cruelty.

POLLY.

Let not my reflection interrupt the joys of your triumph. Could I have commanded my thoughts, I would have kept them for solitude.

CAWWAWKEE.

Those sighs and that reservedness are symptoms of a heart in love. A pain that I am yet a stranger to.

POLLY.

Then you have never been completely miserable.

## AIR LXIII. Blithe Jockey young and gay.

*Can words the pain express  
Which absent lovers know?  
He only mine can guess,  
Whose heart hath felt the woe.  
'Tis doubt, suspicion, fear,  
Seldom hope, oft' despair;  
'Tis jealousy, 'tis rage, in grief  
'Tis every pang and grief.*

CAWWAWKEE.

But does not love often deny itself help and comfort,  
by being too obstinately secret?

POLLY.

One cannot be too open to generosity; that is a  
fun, of universal benignity. In hiding ourselves from  
it we but deny ourselves the blessings of its influence.

## AIR LXIV. In the fields in frost and snow.

*The modest lilly, like the maid,  
Its pure bloom defending,  
Is of noxious dews afraid,  
Soon as even's descending.  
Clos'd all night,  
Free from blight,  
It preserves the native white;  
But at morn unfolds its leaves,  
And the vital sun receives.*

Yet why should I trouble your majesty with the mis-  
fortunes of so inconsiderable a wretch as I am?

POMETOHEE.

A king's beneficence should be like the sun. The  
most humble weed should feel its influence as well as the  
most gaudy flower. But I have the nearest concern in  
any thing that touches you.



192 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

POLLY.

You see then at your feet the most unfortunate of women. *[kneels, he raises her.]*

CAWWAWKEE.

A woman! Oh my heart!

POHETOHEE.

A woman!

POLLY.

Yes, Sir, the most miserable of her sex. In love! married! abandoned, and in despair!

POHETOHEE.

What brought you into these countries?

POLLY.

To find my husband. Why had not the love of virtue directed my heart? But, alas, 'tis outward appearance alone that commonly engages a woman's affections! And my heart is in the possession of the most profligate of mankind.

POHETOHEE.

Why this disguise?

POLLY.

To defend me from the violences and insults to which my sex might have expos'd me.

CAWWAWKEE.

Had she not been married, I might have been happy. *[Aside.]*

POLLY.

He ran into the madness of every vice. I detest his principles, tho' I am fond of his person to distraction. Could your commands for search and enquiry restore him to me, you reward me at once with all my wishes. For sure my love still might reclaim him.

CAWWAWKEE.

Had you concealed your sex, I had been happy in your friendship; but now, how uneasy, how restless is my heart!

PART SECOND. 193

AIR LXV. Whilst I gaze on Chloe,

*Whilst I gaze in fond desiring,  
Every former thought is lost.  
Sighing, wishing and admiring,  
How my troubled soul is lost!  
Hot and cold my blood is flowing,  
How it thrills in every vein!  
Liberty and life are going,  
Hope can ne'er relieve my pain.*

Enter INDIAN.

INDIAN.

The rest of the troops, Sir, are return'd from the pursuit with more prisoners. They attend your majesty's orders.

POHETOHEE.

Let them be brought before us. [Exit Ind.] Give not yourself up to despair; for every-thing in my power you may command.

CAWWAWKEE.

And every thing in mine. But alas, I have none; for I am not in my own!

SCENE XIII.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY, DUCAT, JENNY guarded, etc.

JENNY.

Spare my husband; *Morano* is my husband.

POHETOHEE.

Then I have reliev'd you from the society of a monster.

JENNY.

Alas, Sir, there are many husbands who are fierce monsters to the rest of mankind, that are the tamest creatures alive to their wives. I can be answerable for

R

his duty and submission to your majesty, for I know I have so much power over him, that I can even make him good!

POHETOOHEE.

Why then had you not made him so before?

JENNY.

I was, indeed, like other wives, too indulgent to him, and as it was agreeable to my own temper, I was loth to baulk his ambition. I must, indeed, own too that I had the frailty of pride. But where is the woman who hath not an inclination to be as great and rich as she can be?

POHETOOHEE.

With how much ease and unconcern these *Europeans* talk of vices, as if they were necessary qualifications!

AIR LXVI. The Jamaica.

JENNY.

*The sex, we find,  
Like men inclin'd  
To guard against reproaches;  
And none neglect  
To pay respect  
To rogues who keep their coaches.*

Indeed, Sir, I had determin'd to be honest myself, and to have made him so too, as soon as I had put myself upon a reasonable foot in the world; and that is more self-denial than is commonly practis'd.

POHETOOHEE.

Woman, your vicious sentiments offend me; and you deserve to be cut off from society, with your husband. Mercy would be scarce excusable in pardoning you. Have done then, *Morano* is now under the stroke of justice.

JENNY.

Let me beseech your majesty to respite his sentence.

PART SECOND. 195

Send me back again with him into slavery, from whence we escap'd. Give us an occasion of being honest, for we owe our lives and liberties to another.

DU CAT.

Yes, Sir, I find some of my run-away slaves among the crew; and I hope my services at least will allow me to claim my own again.

JENNY.

*Morano*, Sir, I must confess, hath been a free liver, and a man of so many gallantries, that no woman could escape him. If *Macheath's* disasters were known, the whole sex would be in tears.

POLLY.

*Macheath!*

JENNY.

He is no black, Sir, but under that disguise, for my sake, screen'd himself from the claims and importunities of other women; may love intercede for him!

POLLY.

*Macheath!* Is it possible? Spare him, save him, I ask no other reward.

PORETOREE.

Haste, let the sentence be suspended. [Ex. Ind.]

POLLY.

Fly; a moment may make me miserable. Why could not I know him? All his misfortunes brought upon him by my hand! Cruel love, how could'st thou blind me so?

AIR LXVII. Tweed Side.

*The stag, when chas'd all the long day  
O'er the lawn, thro' the forest and brake;  
Now panting for breath and at bay,  
Now stemming the river or lake;  
When the treacherous scent is all cold,  
And at eve he returns to his hind,  
Can her joy, can her pleasure be told?  
Such joy and such pleasure I find.*



196 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

But, alas, now again reflection turns fear upon my heart. His pardon may come too late, and I may never see him more.

POHETOHEE.

Take hence that profligate woman. Let her be kept under strict guard till my commands.

JENNY.

Slavery, Sir, slavery is all I ask. Whatever becomes of him, spare my life; spare an unfortunate woman. What can be the meaning of this sudden turn! Consider, Sir, if a husband be never so bad, a wife is bound to duty.

POHETOHEE.

Take her hence, I say; let my commands be obey'd.  
[Ex. Jenny guarded.]

SCENE XIV.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY, DUCAT, etc.

POLLY.

What, no news yet? Not yet return'd!

CAWWAWKEE.

If justice hath overtaken him, he was unworthy of you.

POLLY.

Not yet! Oh how I fear.

AIR LXVIII. One evening as I lay.

*My heart forebodes he's dead,  
That thought how can I bear?  
He's gone, for ever fled,  
My soul is all despair!  
I see him pale and cold,  
The noose hath stop'd his breath,  
Just as my dream foretold,  
Oh had that sleep been death!*

## SCENE XV.

POHETOHEE, CAWWAWKEE, POLLY, DUCAT, INDIANS.

*Enter* INDIANS.

POLLY.

He's dead, he's dead! Their looks confess it. Your tongues have no need to give it utterance to confirm my unhappiness! I know, I see, I feel it! Support me! O *Macbeath*!

DU CAT.

Mercy upon me! Now I look upon her nearer, bless me, it must be *Polly*. This woman, Sir, is my slave, and I claim her as my own. I hope, if your majesty thinks of keeping her, you will reimburse me, and not let me be a loser. She was an honest girl to be sure, and had too much virtue to thrive; for, to my knowledge, money could not tempt her.

POHETOHEE.

And if she is virtuous, *European*, dost thou think I'll act the infamous part of a ruffian, and force her? 'Tis my duty as a king to cherish and defend virtue.

CAWWAWKEE.

Justice hath reliev'd you from the society of a wicked man. If an honest heart can recompense your loss, you would make me happy in accepting mine. I hope my father will consent to my happiness.

POHETOHEE.

Since your love of her is grounded upon the love of virtue and gratitude, I leave you to your own disposal.

CAWWAWKEE.

What, no reply?

POLLY.

Abandon me to my sorrows. For indulging them is my only relief.

POHETOHEE.

Let the leaders have immediate execution. For the

198 THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

rest, let them be restor'd to their owners, and return to their slavery.

AIR LXIX. Buff-coat.

CAWWAWKEE.

*Why that languish!*

POLLY.

*Oh he's dead! O he's lost for ever!*

CAWWAWKEE.

*Cease your anguish, and forget your grief.*

POLLY.

*Ab, never!*

*What air, grace and stature!*

CAWWAWKEE.

*How false in his nature!*

POLLY.

*To virtue my love might have won him.*

CAWWAWKEE.

*How base and deceiving!*

POLLY.

*But love is believing.*

CAWWAWKEE.

*Vice, at length, as 'tis meet, hath undone him.*

By your consent you might at the same time give me happiness, and procure your own. My titles, my treasures, are all at your own command.

AIR LXX. An Italian ballad.

POLLY.

*Frail is ambition, bow weak the foundation!*

*Riches have wings as inconstant as wind,*

*My heart is proof against either temptation,*

*Virtue without them, contentment can find.*

I am charm'd, prince, with your generosity and virtues. 'Tis only by the pursuit of those we secure real happiness. Those that know and feel virtue in themselves, must love it in others. Allow me to give a decent time

PART SECOND. 199

to my sorrows. But my misfortunes at present interrupt the joys of victory.

CAWWAWKEE.

Fair princess, for so I hope shortly to make you, allow me to attend you, either to divide your griefs, or by conversation, to mollify your sorrows.

POHETOHEE.

'Tis a pleasure to me by this alliance to reward your merits. [*Ex. Caw. and Pol.*] Let the sports and dances then celebrate our victory. [*Exit.*]

DANCE.

AIR LXXI. The Temple.

FIRST INDIAN.

*Justice long forbearing,  
Power or riches never fearing,  
Slow, but persevering,  
Hunts the villain's peace.*

CHORUS.

*Justice long, etc.*

SECOND INDIAN.

*What tongues then defend him?  
Or what hand will succour lend him,  
Even his friends attend him,  
To foment the chase.*

CHORUS.

*Justice long, etc.*

THIRD INDIAN.

*Virtue, subduing,  
Humbles in ruin  
All the proud wicked race.*

*Truth, never-failing,  
Must be prevailing,  
Falseness shall meet disgrace.*

CHORUS.

*Justice long forbearing, etc.*

THE END.



## A

## TABLE of the SONGS.

## ACT I.

AIR		Page
	1. <i>Through all the employments of life.</i>	1
	2. <i>'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.</i>	13
	3. <i>If any wench Venus's girdle do wear.</i>	15
	4. <i>If love the virgin's heart invade.</i>	17
	5. <i>A maid is like the golden ore.</i>	18
	6. <i>Virgins are like the fair flow'r in its lustre.</i>	21
	7. <i>Our Polly is a sad slut! nor heeds what we have taught her.</i>	ib.
	8. <i>Can love be controul'd by advice?</i>	23
	9. <i>O Polly, you might have toy'd and kiss.</i>	24
	10. <i>I, like a ship in storms, was tost.</i>	25
	11. <i>A fox may steal your hens, Sir.</i>	27
	12. <i>Oh, ponder well! be not severe.</i>	29
	13. <i>The turtle thus with plaintive crying.</i>	ib.
	14. <i>Pretty Polly, say.</i>	32
	15. <i>My heart was so free.</i>	ib.
	16. <i>Were I laid on Greenland's coast.</i>	33
	17. <i>O what pain it is to part!</i>	34
	18. <i>The miser thus a shilling sees.</i>	35

## ACT II.

19. <i>Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us.</i>	37
20. <i>Let us take the road.</i>	39
21. <i>If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares.</i>	40
22. <i>Youth's the season made for joys.</i>	42
23. <i>Before the barn-door crowing.</i>	44
24. <i>The gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike.</i>	45
25. <i>At the tree I shall suffer with pleasure.</i>	47

# A TABLE of the SONGS.

## AIR

	Page.
26. <i>Man may escope from rope and gun.</i>	49
27. <i>Thus when a good housewife sees a rat.</i>	50
28. <i>How cruel are the traitors.</i>	51
29. <i>The first time at the looking-glass.</i>	52
30. <i>When you censure the age.</i>	54
31. <i>Is then his fate decreed, Sir P</i>	56
32. <i>You'll think ere many days ensue.</i>	ib.
33. <i>If you at an office solicit your due.</i>	57
34. <i>Thus when the swallow, seeking prey.</i>	58
35. <i>How happy could I be with either.</i>	59
36. <i>I'm bubbled.</i>	60
37. <i>Cease your fanning.</i>	61
38. <i>Why how now, madam Flire.</i>	62
39. <i>No power on earth can e'er divide.</i>	63
40. <i>I like the fox shall grove.</i>	64

## A C T III.

41. <i>When young at the bar you first taught } me to score.</i>	66
42. <i>My love is all madness and folly.</i>	67
43. <i>Thus gamesters united in friendship are found.</i>	68
44. <i>The modes of the court so common are grown.</i>	70
45. <i>What gudgeons are we men?</i>	73
46. <i>In the days of my youth I could bill like a } dove, fa, la, la, etc.</i>	74
47. <i>I'm like a skiff on the ocean tost.</i>	77
48. <i>When a wife's in her pout.</i>	78
49. <i>A curse attends that woman's love.</i>	79
50. <i>Among the men, coquets we find.</i>	80
51. <i>Come, sweet lass.</i>	ib.
52. <i>Hither, dear husband, turn your eyes.</i>	82
53. <i>Which way shall I turn me?—How can I } decide?</i>	83
54. <i>When my hero in court appears.</i>	ib.
55. <i>When he holds up his hand avow'd for } his life.</i>	84

# A TABLE of the SONGS.

AIR	Page
56. <i>Ourselves, like the great, to secure a retreat.</i>	84
57. <i>The charge is prepar'd; the lawyers are met.</i>	85
58. <i>O cruel, cruel, cruel case.</i>	86
59. <i>Of all the friends in time of grief.</i>	ib.
60. <i>Since I must swing,—I scorn, I scorn to wince or whine.</i>	ib.
61. <i>But now again my spirits sink.</i>	ib.
62. <i>But valour the stronger grows.</i>	ib.
63. <i>If thus—a man can die.</i>	ib.
64. <i>So I drink off this bumper.—And now I can stand the test.</i>	87
65. <i>But can I leave my pretty pusses.</i>	ib.
66. <i>Their eyes, their lips, their buffes.</i>	ib.
67. <i>Since laws were made for ev'ry degree.</i>	ib.
68. <i>Would I might be hang'd!</i>	89
69. <i>Thus I stand like the Turk, with his doxies around.</i>	91

## PART SECOND.

### ACT I.

AIR	Page
1. <i>The manners of the great affect.</i>	102
2. <i>What can wealth.</i>	104
3. <i>He that weds a beauty.</i>	106
4. <i>My conscience is of courtly mold.</i>	108
5. <i>In pimps and politicians.</i>	109
6. <i>She who hath felt a real pain.</i>	110
7. <i>Adieu! Adieu! all hope of bliss!</i>	111
8. <i>Despair is but folly.</i>	113
9. <i>I will have my humours, I'll please all senses.</i>	116
10. <i>When billows come rushing on the strand.</i>	117
11. <i>When a woman jealous grows.</i>	118
12. <i>When kings by their huffing.</i>	119
13. <i>The crow or daw thro' all the year.</i>	121

## A TABLE of the SONGS.

AIR

	Page
14. <i>How can you be so teasing?</i>	122
15. <i>Maids like courtiers must be woo'd.</i>	123
16. <i>Can I or toil or hunger fear?</i>	124
17. <i>Brave boys prepare.</i>	127
18. <i>Better to doubt.</i>	128
19. <i>Abroad after misses most husbands will roam.</i>	130
20. <i>Love now is nought but art.</i>	131
21. <i>As pilgrims thro' devotion.</i>	134

## A C T II.

22. <i>Why did you spare him.</i>	135
23. <i>Sleep, O sleep.</i>	136
24. <i>Of all the sins that are money-supplying.</i>	137
25. <i>By women won.</i>	139
26. <i>Woman's like the flatt'ring ocean.</i>	ib.
27. <i>I hate those coward tribes.</i>	141
28. <i>Cheer up my lads, let us push on the fray.</i>	142
29. <i>When I'm great, and full of treasure.</i>	143
30. <i>Shall I not be bold when honour calls?</i>	ib.
31. <i>How many men have found the skill.</i>	145
32. <i>Fine women are devils, compleat in their way.</i>	146
33. <i>Tho' different passions rage by turns.</i>	148
34. <i>The world is ever jarring.</i>	149
35. <i>In love and life the present use.</i>	151
36. <i>We never blame the forward swain.</i>	152
37. <i>My heart is by love forsaken.</i>	153
38. <i>By halves no friend.</i>	154
39. <i>If husbands sit unsteady.</i>	ib.
40. <i>The body of the brave may be taken.</i>	156
41. <i>For gold you sacrifice your fame.</i>	159
42. <i>When gold is in hand.</i>	ib.
43. <i>Glory calls me from thy arms.</i>	161
44. <i>Honour plays a bubble's part.</i>	163
45. <i>When ambition's ten years toils.</i>	ib.
46. <i>Despair leads to battle, no courage so great.</i>	164
47. <i>Virtue's treasure.</i>	166



# A TABLE of the SONGS.

	Page
48. The sportsmen keep hawks, and their quarry, they gain.	170
49. What man can on virtue or courage repose.	172
50. Love with beauty is flying.	174
51. When horns, with merry sound.	175
52. By heaven's steps we win the race.	178
53. When the tyger roars.	179
54. We the sword of justice drawing.	180
55. Know then war's my pleasure.	181
56. How faultless does the nymph appear.	182
57. As sits the poor turtle alone on the spray.	183
58. Victory is ours.	184
59. The soldiers, who by trade must dare.	186
60. When right or wrong's decided.	188
61. All crimes are judg'd like fornication.	ib.
62. All friendship is a mutual debt.	189
63. Can words the pain express.	191
64. The modest lily, like the maid.	ib.
65. Whilst I gaze in fond desiring.	193
66. The sex, we find.	194
67. The stag, when chas'd all the long day.	195
68. My heart forebodes he's dead.	196
69. Why that languish!	198
70. Frail is ambition, how weak the foundation!	ib.
71. Justice long forbearing.	199